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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Woodland, Cal.
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Dealer in
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Capital Stock, $500,000.
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Collections Receive Prompt Attention.
County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

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Opposite Craft Hotel,
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GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.
Charges moderate—All work warranted.

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Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.
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MRS. FITZGERALD.
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE.
COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.
Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

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H. H. LINNELL & CO.,
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HARDWARE
—AND—
Agricultural Implements.
AGENTS FOR THE
Mitchell Wagons,
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Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.
We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.
We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.
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SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
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THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.
Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.
It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.
It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.
I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.
☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to
BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.
CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.
G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.
GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.
The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.
Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.
G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.
Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of itc excellence need be given.

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Sold Agents for Yolo County,
Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

Great Bargains!
—IN—
F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!
Mattresses, Etc.
Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.
Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.
W. D. COMSTOCK,
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M. C. PALMER,
AT
BOGGS' OLD STAND,
WINTERS, CAL.
KEEPS A FULL LINE OF
Groceries, Etc.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE

HISTORY OF THE CHURCHES OF YOLO COUNTY.

[By COL. F. T. GILBERT, Historian for DePue & Co.]

Some of the first preachers—Isaac Owen at Fremont—Ish—Stahl or Staul—Fulton—What were their given names?—Going to a horse race to give out a notice of devine service—Preaching a spirited sermon to an audience sitting on whisky barrels—Prayers punctuated by the crack of the deadly revolver—A blacksmith divides his premises with a preacher, &c.

Among the masses who, from the human storehouses of the world, found themselves strangers on the Pacific Coast, in those "days of '49" striving to wrest from Nature's secret places her hidden wealth, came also the followers of Him that was a Nazarene, who were not seeking before all else the treasures found at Coloma, or the reward that came from the approval of man. They were a small band, a forlorn hope, the advance guard of God's great army. They came to raise their Master's standard among a people that had apearently forgotten, as they fell down before Aaron's image, that there was aught else in all the universe save the Golden Calf to worship. They were but a handfull among a host, a few devoted men, those pioneer preachers that came, some sent by denominations, more upon their own responsibility to try and stem the tide of evil acts and influences that had bound in shackles of iron, the desires, the will and the impulse of men.

It will be difficult in the years that lie beyond us, for the reader to comprehend the strange mixture that entered into the worship of God, among the pioneers of California, and to realize the scenes that were enacted among their own ancestry, and by them. "Put me down as a prospector for that gulch parson; it beats h—l out of these ere diggings for a home stake," was the response of a listener to the exhortations of one of those preachers, who was calling upon his audiance to "flee from the wrath to come," and enlarging upon the rewards and inducements for the believer and the benefits that would fall to the lot of him who was found recorded in the book of life; as such would be permitted to walk through the gates of pearl into the *streets* of the new Jerusalem that were paved *with gold*. It is difficult to realize even now that but thirty years have passed since a minister of the gospel, Rev. James Woods in Stockton, Cal., was obliged to live with his family in a gambling house separated from the gambling tables only by a thin partition, occassionly having his devotions punctuated by the crack of the deadly revolver as some gambler entered upon the warpath. As we go into a modern edifice where the people ple meet and listen to divine services, can we of 1879 fully appreciate the position, or act of a blacksmith who vacated the front half of his shop that it might be occupied for Sunday preaching while he plied his vocation in the other half that was divided from the congregation only by a cloth screen. A strange medley, that, for the recording angel: the exhortation of the minister for his hearers to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, mingled with the sharp ringing notes from the anvil as the smith forged the shoes for a horse he was shoeing at the time. Will it be entered to his credit in the final reckoning that he received $32 for shoeing that horse. There are now in California gilded temples where eloquent divines preach to fashionable suits of clothing that cost thousands of shekels, places where if by accident Christ should enter he would be shown a seat near the door if he escaped being summarily thrust out. The temporary occupants of these elegant suits of garments would find it very hard to conceive even now that a minister preached a telling and spirited sermon to a congregation that were seated upon whisky barrels in a wholesale liquor store in Stockton in 1849 and that his hearers listened with respect and greater interest to the divine word preached that day, then do the golden calves of 1879 who on Sunday congregate at the crystal palaces to worship their own images and listen to the precepts from the pulpit that they are fully persuaded are excellent in theory and to be applied to and practised by *their friends*.

There has been no place in the world where in the same length of time the Christian religion has worked so complete a transformation in the moral status of a people as has been accomplished through that agency in California in the last 30 years, and it is due to the men who were the pioneers in the work that their names should be preserved. There were a few of those ministers that found their way into Yolo county, but of the incidents that attended their early efforts, nothing has come to our knowledge yet. Is there not some one that can give us the seeming lost record, that can give a name or a part of the full name, or incident that will help to complete the early history of the church or its ministers in Yolo county.

We will give the facts that have been obtained, trusting, that they will be read by some one that can fill up the blank and by calling at the office of De Pue & Co. in Woodland, or by letter will do so.

The Western Shore Gazetteer says that a Cumberland Presbyterian preached regularly for several weeks at Fremont in ——year, and Mr. H. B. Wood of Woodland says: "I remember that my partner and myself erected a store in Fremont that was finished about October 1st, 1849. This was the first frame building erected in the place and that some one preached a sermon in it immediately after it was finished, and that the sermon then preached was the first religious service in Fremont." The Gazetteer further reads that "The first regular church was established by Rev. Isaac Owen a missionary preacher from Indiana." The writer had reference to Fremont as the locality, but gives no further information on the point. *Who will give us further light?* These are the first foot prints of the advance guard, and nothing further appears until in 1850. An old man, a pioneer of 1849, Uncle John Morris, remembers that in the Fall 1850 a minister by the name of Ish came to his place when he was living on the south side of Cache Creek and expressed a desire to hold religious service in his house on that day, (Sunday), and asked the advice of Uncle John as to the most effectual mode of giving out so short a notice. The result was that they together went down to the race track just below Cacheville on the south side of the creek where a horse race was about to take place and gave out the notice there, and after the more important matter of who had the fastest animal was decided, the spectators adjourned to Uncle John's residence where about 30 persons listened to what they supposed to be the first sermon preached in the county. Uncle John says: "I remember distinctly that it was remarked at the time that it was the first." Rev. —— Ish was a Presbyterian, a man that looked on the bright side of life, had a smile and a jolly word for all; would give and take a joke, and was well calculated to make headway among men found upon the frontier, His headquarters was with Uncle John and he was the only preacher in the county until about the Spring of 1852, J. W. Chiles and J. J. Welch think they remember hearing him preach that spring. Then came —— Fulton a member of the M. E. Church South, and —— Staul or Stahl sent by the Northern Methodist. There was one by the name of Gray, another named Yager, who it is remembered preached at the house of A. Jesse, and still another, a young man by the name of —— Benham, just from the States, who was drowned in Cache Creek in March, 1853. Can no one give us the first names of these men and something more concerning them.

To A. Griffith of Cacheville we are indebted for the following account of the drowning of Rev. —— Benham:

CACHEVILLE, June 7, 1879.

COL. GILBERT—*Dear Sir:* I charge you with the loss of one night's sleep, for I woke up in the night thinking of our conversation yesterday when other points came crowding in upon me that I had failed to mention to you, which I will give you for what they are worth. In the Winter of 1852-3a young man by the name of Benham was sent to California by the M. E. Church from Brooklyn, N. Y., and came to this county sometime in the Spring of 1853. One evening about the last of March, he crossed the creek at this place to stay with John T. Lewis (who lived in the house formerly occupied by Parish & Tylor). It had been raining, but the creek could be forded on the evening he crossed to our side, but during the night it had risen and was swimming. I saw Benham pass our house toward the ford, but not thinking that he would attempt to cross did not tell him to the contrary, but supposed he was going to the creek to water his horse. But in a few minutes after he passed I heard shouting and went to the door and saw the men from the blacksmith shop standing on the bank of the creek, when I with others ran to see what the matter was, and we saw the horse that Benham rode swimming in the creek. When he entered the stream and found it swimming, it seemed that he was alarmed and held his bridle rein so tight that it was very difficult for the horse to swim, but the animal had struck shore on the opposite side and was attempting to get up the bank and the men at the blacksmith shop were watching him and saw what the trouble was and called to him to let the bridle go. That seemed to alarm him the more, causing him to pull the tighter on the rein; this forced the animal back into the stream and Benham slipped from the saddle and never was again seen alive. He had on at the time a heavy rubber coat. He was found about the first of May by J. W. Childs and J. M. Harbin about three miles below, buried in the sand near what is known as the Harbin Crossing. The stump of an arm protruding out of the sand with the hand gone, led to the discovery of the body. * * * *

A. GRIFFITH:

Rev. O. C. Wheeler, a Baptist minister is said to have preached at Washton in 1850. He is now the General Baggage Agent for the C. P. R. R. Co.

The first denomination to organize in this county of which there is any record, was the "Church of Christ" in the Fall of 1854. In the Spring of that year, notices calling a meeting were posted in a few conspicuous points in the county designating as the place for congregating, a certain large oak tree in a grove near the Shellhammer ranch, where the "wandering preacher" would preside. No name was attached to the call and the result was that curiosity arrested the attention and attracted to the primitive church an audience that came to find out who the "Wanderer" was. They waited in expectation for some time and no one stepped to the front. They began to fear a practical joke had been played on them, when one of the spectators, a medium sized, square shouldered, grey eyed man, middle aged, active and quick of motion, with black hair and plainly dressed, a total stranger to them all, arose and announced himself as the one referred to in the notice. He proceeded to deliver them a discourse that made itsself felt among his auditors and left its impress there. It was the beginning of the Christian Church movement in this connty "and the end is not yet." It was a stone cast into the sea creating ripples, which moving out further, and further, will eventually reach the most distant shore. At the close of the sermon the assemblage was astonished to see the familiar hairless head of neighbor Joshua Lawson gradually emerge from the shadowing folds of a black wig that had disguised the "Wandering Preacher."

This was the first, followed by one other service held in the same place, and then the meetings were in the old school house, the first built west of the tules in the county. It was located a little north of what is now Woodland. As before stated the church dates from the Fall of 1854, and Joshua Lawson became the organizer and first minister. The first officers elected were Joshua Lawson, J. C. Welch, Elders, and Downing Lamb, Deacon.

In the Fall of 1855 the Union Church was erected by the co-operation of all denominations, to be free to any Christian order. It was built on the grounds of the present Woodland cemetery and after its completion services of the Church of Christ were held there, until in the Fall of 1868 when they first occupied their present structure on Railroad St. This church cost about $7000. They have now not far from 300 members and at one time they had 350, but many have withdrawn to connect themselves with congregations of the same order in other localities. The ministers since Father Lawson, have been J. N. Pendegast, J. D. Wilmott, B. H. Smith, I. N. Hodgen and B. C. Lawson. The present

Continued on last page.

A Song Without a Name.

I stood beside a pearly stream,
And in its face reflected,
I saw a form most like my own,
With countenance dejected;
And as I looked and looked again
Upon the lines of sorrow,
I even wished that I were dead,
And need not meet the morrow.

For hopes were crushed and joys were fled,
And friends had proved unfaithful;
And I had grown to think of life
With feelings almost wrathful;
And as I stood and nursed my grief,
And thought of all my trouble,
And mused on misplaced confidence
Which love had served to double;

I heard a note of music shrill—
A song of life and gladness.
I turned me from the flowing brook
And quite forgot my sadness;
For as I looked I saw a youth,
With face both bright and smiling,
And this is what the singer sang,
The summer hours beguiling:

"Oh, let us, as we pass through life,
Be always glad and cheery,
For though the hours be dark and cold,
They cannot all be dreary.
There's light and health and pleasant home,
And hours for rest and slumber,
Smiling flowers in mossy bowers,
And blessings without number.

"And birds to sing in carols sweet,
Their songs of happy measure,
And when I think of these, I feel
That even life's a treasure.
For God who guards the sparrow's course
Will not neglect to guard us,
And come what may, or come what will,
He'll ever walk beside us.

"So I'm content with what He sends,
Nor stop to weigh my trouble.
For when we dwell upon ourselves
We always see them double."
Just here the singer passed from sight,
Beyond the forest's shadow;
But nature wore a brighter look
As I recrossed the meadow.

—*Amy S. Fuli.*

Twice Loved.

BY LOU.

"Come, Bessie, nurse is waiting! Run, now, and let her attend to your curls; you must look very neat, or Mr. Irving will not love you. It is almost dinner-time," said Bessie's mother.

Immediately the child arose, raised her sweet lips to kiss mamma, and followed the nurse from the room.

"It is perfectly wonderful how much influence Mr. Irving has over that child! Just tell her to do anything, and say it will please him, and that is enough. I never saw anything like it," said Mrs. Wallace to a friend beside her, who answered—

"I have, and I would not encourage—or rather I would endeavor to overcome—that influence."

"Now, my dear Georgie, what is troubling that wise head of yours? What means that grave look and anxious light in your eye?"

"Fannie, I'm perfectly astonished at people whose duty it is to watch over and guard their little ones, especially their girls, from sorrows, planting in their young hearts seeds which may grow to be thorns, and treating children as though they were void of any deeper thought and feeling than the appreciation of a doll or box of toys. I am sure children of five years have hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as keenly as many of mature years. You are shaking your head. I want to tell you a little story to prove my assertion. We have half an hour before dinner; will you listen?"

"Yes, certainly; but it must have a happy ending," answered Mrs. Wallace.

"I cannot promise; perhaps the end has not yet come. You know Hettie Le Roy?"

"I do, certainly; a lovelier girl I never knew. Why she has never married has been a source of wonder to me."

"Ay, and to many who know her, not so well as I. It is of her I am going to tell you.

"Twenty-five years ago, when just at the age of your Bessie, and just as loving, too, a young man crossed her path. We will call him Joe Hewberry. He was the classmate and dearest friend of Hettie's brother. At a party given during the Christmas holidays by Mrs. Le Roy, Joe, to pique one of the girls, attached himself for the evening to little Hettie, dancing with her, promenading through the rooms, with her tiny hands clasped in his, much to the annoyance of many bright-eyed maidens, who really were envious of the baby girl.

"Joe was handsome, and very fascinating, a universal favorite with the ladies, young and old. Several mammas endeavored to draw him away from his 'little love,' as he called her, and maneuvered to get her from him. But all in vain, until wearily the sunny head drooped, and with her arms around his neck, her sweet lips giviug the good-night kiss, she sank to sleep. Gently then he resigned her to her nurse's care.

"Every day from that time he came to the house. His home was quite near. At the sound of his voice Hettie sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him. I have seen her, with her hand in his, looking up into his face for hours, seeming perfectly happy.

"Of course this was noticed by the family and commented upon. The child's older sisters and brothers could win her to do their will by saying, 'I'll tell Mr. Hewberry if you don't, and he won't love you then.'

"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for him, and when the autumn days came and the flowers were few, the 'little love' would watch closely the slowly-opening buds, lest some one else should get them.

"So the days passed by for two years, and then for a time she was separated from the one she had grown to love so dearly.

"'Better than brother?' they would sometimes ask her.

"'Yes,' would come the whispered answer, quickly.

"'Better than sister?'

"'Yes.'

"Without any hesitation the whispered answer came.

"'Than father and mother?'

"And then the deep blue eyes would grow so earnest, and the pretty lips would part and close again, as if unwilling to utter the words she feared might wound. When pressed to answer her eyes sought mamma and papa, as if imploring their forgiveness, and 'I can't help it; just a little bit more,' she murmured, and buried her head in Joe's bosom.

"She clung around his neck and begged to be with him when the hour of parting came. With promises of a speedy return he managed to soothe her.

"Perhaps the child might have in time been weaned from this strange attachment, if they had ceased to talk to her of him. But possessing, as it were, a magic wand to guide her actions, they used it freely.

"How well I remember her as she stood eagerly watching the postman, as he came from door to door. As nearer he drew, she became so excited and anxious that her heart trembled lest she should be disappointed. But the letter came, and, with a wild cry of joy she pressed it to her bosom, and ran with it for mamma to read.

"His absence was short. He returned, bringing her for a Christmas present a pretty little chain, to which was attached a locket with his portrait. For Joe she learned to read, to write; for him she would grow brave, and with his hand holding hers, she had her first teeth drawn.

"When ill with fever, tossing restlessly from side to side, his hand could always quiet, his voice soothe. Without murmur she would take from him the nauseous doses.

"'How will all this end?' I asked her mother, once; and lightly she replied—

"'Oh, all right, of course. She will learn to love some one nearer her own age when the proper time comes, and he will be married long before then. He has a distant cousin who, I am inclined to think, he is engaged to. I am sure their parents are anxious for their union.'

"As Hettie grew older, a little shyness crept gradually into her manner. Still the love was there.

"Once, in a moment of confidence, she came to me and asked—

"'Do you believe Mr. Hewberry loves Cora Cushing better than he does me? Fred says he does—that he remained by her all the time at the party last night. I wish I was old enough to go to parties! And I wish—indeed I do—'

"What, Hettie?' I asked, as she hesitated.

"'I wish Cora Cushing didn't live in this world—indeed I do!' nodding her head decidedly, while striving to force back the tears.

"'Oh! oh! Hettie, this is dreadful!' I said, drawing her within my arms.

"'Well, then, I wish Mr. Hewberry and I lived somewhere else, where Cora Cushing wouldn't come,' she sobbed.

"I assured her that Joe did not love Cora Cushing; that Fred was only teasing her.

"When she was ten years old, Joe was called suddenly away by the severe illness of his nearest relative, an uncle. There was only time for a hasty 'Good-by, my little love! Make haste to grow fast, and be a tall girl when I come back,' he said, kissing her.

"His going was so sudden, she did not seem to realize it. I was glad it was so. But how I pitied the little thing, when, day after day, as she had done for years, she sat and watched.

"'Maybe he might come,' she said once to me.

"Letters came often to Fred, with messages of love for her, with sometimes a little note accompanying a gift. Food enough to keep her loving little heart from suffering he gave, and fuel enough to keep the love brightly burning. But he came not, nor promised of his coming.

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew to be a beautiful maiden. Youths gathered about her, and friends had ceased to talk of Joe. Other names were mentioned as his had been, yet none could win an answering smile or blush. I knew for whom her love was kept.

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes gave way at last, and a joyous light broke forth. Joe was coming back. A letter to Fred brought the glad tidings. He wrote:—

"'I've a secret to tell you, dear boy. But no—I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you will rejoice for my sake, I am sure. In a few days I shall be with you.'

"Again, as in her baby days, Hettie began her watching. Oh, I know her heart was singing a joyous song, though the sweet lips gave forth no sound.

"She stood in the porch, waiting his coming, clothed in fleecy white, roses in her hair, and a bright smile playing on her face.

"'Hettie!'

"Fred came toward her. The boy's face had lost its usual look of merriment—his voice its careless tone.

"'Hettie, Joe came by the train awhile ago'—he paused, darting an anxious, searching glance at his sister's face—'and he was not alone. I'll not let him surprise you, little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his wife is with him.'

"The light went out of eye and heart. The blush faded quickly on the young face, and, whiter than the dress she wore, she put forth her hand to grasp the balustrade.

"Fred sprang forward to catch her fainting form. 'Like a broken lily, he bore her in. And when Joe came she knew it not.

"For many days her gentle spirit hovered between the shores. Sometimes, since, I've almost regretted that it passed not away to the other and brighter one. But she was left with us for a wise purpose, I know.

"She has never seen Joe Hewberry since his marriage. Three years after, she sent to his little girl, who bears her name, the chain and locket she used to wear."

"Where is he now?" Mr Wallace asked.

"I've not heard of him for years. I know not if he lives."

"Thanks for your story, Georgie, But I wish its ending had not been so sad."

"Then its lesson would have been less powerful."

"True. I must profit by it without delay. I will send Bessie home with her mother to-morrow. The change will do her good and break the spell."

* * * * * * *

A few days after this, Georgie Clark came to see Bessie's mother, and said, with a bright smile—

"I've come to change the ending of my story of the other day. In fact, the end had not then come. Here are Hettie's wedding cards; her Joe has been a widower over two years. Hear what she writes to me:

"'Forgive me for keeping my happiness from you, my dear friend, but I have not been able to realize sufficiently that this great joy was for me to speak of to others. Now that it is so near, and he is with me, surely it must be. You, who have known so much, must know all. He loved and was pledged to her before he knew me. You will be glad to know this; I was. Had I known it, it would have soothed greatly the agony of bygone days.'

"We were at Hattie's wedding yesterday; a happier, lovelier bride I never saw."

Boys in Kansas.

Some kindly soul, who chooses to be unknown, gave lately one thousand dollars to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, to use as he chose "in helping those who needed help," and Mr. Reid wisely decided that the best way to render efficient help would be to send poor boys out of the New York slums to Kansas. They were collected, sent, and in a day after their arrival, were provided with comfortable homes. They have each written back an account of their adventures, their new friends, homes, etc., which are pathetic from their very simplicity.

Joe Jonson, "Four-fingered Jack," was a boot-black in Philadelphia.—Many days he had not a penny to buy food, and in the nights slept in the streets; he writes, "Tell all the boys to come to Kansas, where you'll have a good home, and plenty to eat and drink, and no starving to death. Tell them I'm very happy here. I'm the fellow what had his two hands burnt."

Another friendless little wretch, taken from an orphan asylum, writes, "I am working in a country store. I like my home very much. The man is very kind to me. He gave me a dog, a good many chickens, and two rabbits."

Another, twelve years old, has evidently fallen into a real home for the first ttme in his life. He says, "I am just one of the family. I haven't hard work to do. I feed the cattle and pigs, or help about the house, or hold the baby. I have learned how to harness a horse. Mr. Risk and I go fishing. I have lots of fun catching cat-fish and perch."

Most of the boys speak of going to Sunday-school, church, etc. In short, while in the city they were of the dreaded "dangerous classes" trampled down, and uncared for, in the sparsely settled West they are human beings to be taken into the families of the kindly farmers, and brought under the wholesome influence of hard work, country life and religion.

Would that all the wretched lads in our towns, tramping to-day down the broad highway to ruin, could find a chance for life, honor and happiness out in the West!

Evils in American Society.

The Boston *Adgertiser*, discoursing about the frivolity of American society and the raw, undisciplined young girls which make it unpleasant, says:

"The causes are several; easily detected, perhaps as easily remedied if the proper measures were taken. The very superficial method of educating girls among the more fortunate classes, the little discipline used by parents at home, and the want of independence shown in managing a family, so that a man who has $5,000 a year hates to tell his children that they must not ape the possessor of $50,000 a year, are among the causes of this evil.

"Then, too, the great watering-places and summer resorts are perfect hotbeds for forcing the premature growth of evil qualities—vanity, ambition, and silly emulation in finery, making women of the world of children who should be thinking of nothing graver than their games, their dolls and their little lessons.

"Late hours, improper excitement and indigestible food at children's parties, have in the last fifty years taken the bloom off the youth of America very much.

"These social gatherings, which are productive of much injury to young children, are an essentially modern feature, and it is said they were introduced by her majesty Queen Victoria.

"It is to be hoped that this is false, for it seems as if she had shown so much good sense in other ways, 'officially' and socially, that it must be a bit of scandal.

"At all events, they are a very doubtful and objectionable amusement for children, and it is not saying too hard a thing to lay many social shortcomings to this cause."

GRAPE JELLY.—Take perfectly fresh grapes, then remove the stems and put the berries over the fire in an earthenware pan or porcelain lined kettle; crush a few berries on the bottom of the kettle to prevent burning; let them boil up and remove from the fire and hang up in the jelly bag to drain; when the juice is all drained off weigh it and return to the kettle and fire; boil it twenty minutes, skimming when necessary; then add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of juice, and boil it until it is thick enough to suit. If one fancies pale-colored jellies, a very good one may be made from Concord grapes, by removing the skins before cooking the grapes and then proceeding as above.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and sham that nobody ever had the confidence to own its possession.

The Late General Shields.

General Shields once had a difficulty with Abraham Lincoln, which resulted in preparations for a duel. Shortly after his return from the Mexican War, a newspaper in Illinois, where he lived, published an article that displeased him very much. He called upon the editor, and said it was offensive, and insisted upon knowing the name of the author. The editor asked time to consider, and meanwhile consulted Mr. Lincoln, informing him that the writer of the article was a young woman. "Oh, I'll settle that," said Lincoln. "Tell Shields I am personally responsible for it."

This was enough for Shields, and he immediately challenged Lincoln to mortal combat. Broadswords were chosen as the weapons most likely to place them on an equal footing. The proceedings were conducted with great secrecy, and, in order to have the amusement to themselves a brushwood copse was chosen for the encounter. But friends had followed unobserved, and came up in time to catch the belligerents in the act of clearing a space for the fight by hewing down the brushwood with their swords. The ludicrousness of the thing was soon made apparent, and the affair ended in good humor.

There was a great deal that was good in Shields. He was downright. He sympathized with Irish liberty, though he came to this country when nine years of age. He was not drawn into any of the military movements against England, because he looked upon them with the vision of a practical soldier. He wanted to see clearly more possibility of success than was ever made apparent to him. He was approached unsuccessfully for the purpose of getting his aid in several movements, the result of which proved the excellence of his judgment. Yet, his military education, aside from that he got in the wars, was self-education. He never attended any military school.

He was fond of telling how he got the nine bullets that he carried in his body from the battles of Cerro Gordo and Chepultepec. The doctors, in order to clean the wounds, passed a handkerchief clear through his body.

He used to tell a story of a forlorn hope that he led during the Mexican war in order to relieve some English ladies, who were suffering privation and indignities in the City of Mexico. With a small company of kindred spirits, he penetrated to the heart of the city and released the sufferers, who were quartered in the American camp until the city was taken, and they were restored to their homes. General Scott reprimanded him for this, but in such a slight way that it did not prevent his promotion.

Early in the late war General Shields' friends sought to raise an Irish brigade for him. Chief Justice Daly and others were foremost in bringing him out and organizing the brigade. He arrived late from California, with the understanding that he was to be given the command. Meanwhile Thomas Francis Meagher had been acting as general, and, although he gave General Shields a grand dinner and reception, showed no disposition to give up the command. Shields was much disappointed, and by no means appeased with the command of a brigade under Banks, that was given him. He gained, however, the credit of winning about the only battle credited to Banks—the battle of Winchester. He had a pet project of capturing Stonewall Jackson, but complained bitterly that, just as his plans were about maturing, he was ordered, by General McDowell, to retreat.

General Shields was five feet eight inches in height, of compact build, and in his youth had dark hair. His eyes were dark and piercing, and gave him a wild look to strangers. He was very attentive to women, and fond of paying them compliments. He made long visits to friends in New York and throughout the country. He was once dining at the house of a prominent citizen of New York, whose wife, a member of a staid old Dutch family, did not relish General Shields' reticence about his domestic relations. She took occasion to speak out bluntly on one occasion, proposing "the health of General Shields and his wife." Some of his military associates present were quite surprised to learn that he was married, but the good matron carried her point, and in this semi-public way took the opportunity to warn some of her maiden lady friends not to lose their hearts. General Shields leaves a wife and family at Carrollton, Mo. One son is 19.

He was a man of great physical endurance, and yet did not seem to take care of himself. He would eat and drink almost anything, and work as long as there was work to do. As a conversationalist he was a marvel. He seemed to remember everything he ever read. He was fond of Burns, and was born sufficiently far north in Ireland to have some of the air of Scotland wafted over to him. He had no national feeling that would prevent his admiring a poet of another nationality.

The movement on foot in Europe for an International Congress at Rome next year, looking to the adoption of a code for the proportional disarmament of all the great military powers, progresses favorably. It is asserted that the Czar, Bismarck and Gambetta have given their warm adhesion, and letters approving the objects of the Congress have been received from six hundred Protestant ministers, two Catholic bishops, ninety members of the chief legislative bodies of the principal nations, including America, one hundred and twenty masonic bodies and large numbers of societies of operatives, mechanics and other laborers.

COLORING KID GLOVES.—White kid gloves may easily be colored black, purple or lilac with a solution of one part extract logwood and three parts brandy; apply with a sponge and rub thoroughly dry, and keep rubbing the hands together so as to soften the gloves.

Corn is getting stiff in the back.

The Horrors of War.

At a recent meeting held in London Dr. H. Sandwith, of Kars, said: "I am not a member of the Peace Society. I can assure you, however, that during the last two years I have often been tempted to become a member. I have felt so strongly during the past few months that were the British public represented only by the famous 'three tailors of Tooley Street,' I should have been only too happy to join them and enter my protest against war. When I see the regiments of our magnificent guards marching to the sound of martial music, I say to myself, 'That is the only view of war my fellow-countrymen ever have; and from that we have had so many of the Jingo tribe.' Twelve months ago I had a different view of war, and perhaps I could do nothing better than give you a little idea of war, such as it really is, especially in winter time, and as viewed by me when traveling one cold morning through the deep snow in a peasant's sledge drawn by three starved horses. I had for a companion my friend Mr. Villiers, artist of the *Graphic*, and as we traveled along, he being much younger, I actually was the guide and counselor of my friend. At intervals, while crossing this dreary expanse of snow, the fierce blast of storm swept over the plains. Presently I said to him, pointing to the distance, 'Do you see that black spot?' 'Yes.' 'Have you any idea what that is?' 'Not the least.' 'Well,' I said, 'in half an hour we shall have to get to the windward of that black spot.' He asked, 'What can it be?' I answered, 'What does it look like?' 'It looks as you say, like a black spot, but it is moving.' 'Yes,' I said, 'it is moving.' In half an hour there came within sight a haggard, wretched body of Turkish prisoners. On they came, struggling in the depths of extreme misery, filth, rags and disease. Around them hovered a black crowd of carrion crows, and as we came near a stench arose, and then my companion understood the meaning of my words—'we must get to windward.' With difficulty we passed it, but every now and then one of them dropped—a soldier gave him a prod of a bayonet and then left him to his fate. When we passed that body of men—for there were 5,000 of them—then we saw what they had left behind them. A number of crows had already settled on those who had fallen. We saw, further on, some pigs and dogs tearing at the dead bodies. That night we arrived at the village. It was not a very pleasant village, and I was obliged to take 'Hobson's choice' for a lodging. Every hut was crowded, and we had either to sleep in one which was filled with typhus cases or outside in the cold snow, in any case running the risk of losing our lives. That same afternoon a large number of those poor prisoners arrived. I went to the hut—there were no windows or doors. Twelve Turkish soldiers had just come in, and in the extremity of their fatigue threw themselves down to rest. Four of them had managed to set together a few bits of wood, and they were shivering over the fire. I examined them and found all four of them far gone in typhus. I asked them when they had tasted food, and they said not for three days. All I could give them was a little bread and onions, but they could not eat, for their tongues were dry and black. I examined all in the room; they were suffering from typhus, and before morning they were all dead. On another occasion we picked up 800 sick and wounded and conveyed them into road tents, and we managed to warm the tents, as we thought, to keep them alive till the following morning. That night the temperature fell, and in the morning 800 men were frozen corpses. These are the scenes which I have witnessed, and which I should like to bring home to every one of you, and to every one who frequents the Jingo music-halls. We are getting worse and worse. I am not one of those who altogether despise hypocrisy, the homage which vice pays to virtue. But our present Prime Minister has cynically thrown over that; he has determined to have war, and he talks of having a 'scientific frontier.' He despises the hypocrisy of pretending to be in the right. Look at our political condition. If a strong proof were needed that we are in the wrong, look at the condition of Europe. Have we a single ally? Not one; yes we have one—the blood-stained Turk. Some say they hate politics and they will not take part with one side or the other. On an occasion like this I would urge upon those persons if they do not take the right side they are in the wrong. Do your utmost to gain every friend you can to protest against miserable and unjust war, and moreover, do your utmost to change the policy which now governs a great nation like this."—*London Freeman.*

DEAR "PLAIN LIVING."—What is called plain living is often the most expensive. Roasted meats and poultry served every day for dinner, and no re-serving of the same in any other form, and unvarying steak or mutton chops for breakfast, make anything but cheap diet. Besides being expensive, such a bill of fare lacks a variety, and is for that very reason less healthful than a table supplied as I have suggested in previous talks. Many portions of beef, for example, that are quite unsuitable for roasting can be cooked in other ways, and be as palitable, perhaps more so, than the porterhouse or sirloin roast, and equally nutritious.—*Bazar.*

The Marquis of Lorne in his recent address at Queen's College, Kingston, noted the want of a Celtic chair, for the teaching of the Gaelic language. I am sure that in this opinion all our Irish friends will join, for what is a Highlander but an Irishman? What is he but a Danish Irishman, speaking a language which I am sure would be pronounced by the masters to be a mutilated form of the old Irish language?

When men persistently thrust themselves behind the veil and presume to snatch away the unrevealed secrets of the world beyond, they are often permitted to fall into wild delusions and to believe a lie.—*Zion's Herald.*

Flower Pets.

Nothing that is not human goes so far to make any particular house into a home as the plants which grow up in and about it. People living even in the city, if they have any scrap of garden or only a few healthy pots of flowers, feel a pang at the thought of leaving them, though it may be to visit the native haunts of our brightest flowers. And yet how easily, when we have to "flit," we can take our flowers with us, or at least plant a new generation of them in our new home. Surely in no other object upon which human affections can be bestowed do we find the proportion of pain to enjoyment so very small, and the possibility of incurring self-reproach so nearly excluded. We can not say entirely excluded, for the true lovers of flowers know that they are alive, and can scarcely doubt that they are conscious, and that at times they suffer from our neglect. But we may surely hope that they do so far realize our ideas of Paradise as to rejoice constantly in the air and sunshine, without fear and toil, and, having bloomed their day, to yield up their lives without a struggle. It is a great thing in our own checkered lives to be able to enter into communion with living creatures so absolutely pure, so innocently bright and fresh, and so incapable of causing any serious anxiety. We do enter into relations with them, when we tend them, as surely as a nurse enters into relations with the children she brings up. It is curious, by the by, to observe how much there is in common between tending plants and tending children of the sick. The old nurse in a family whose nurslings have grown up and left her hands free seems to take naturally to window gardening as an outlet of her habit of cherishing. And how many hospital wards have a fernery or a few bright pots in which the women whose days and nights are spent in ministering to the sick, find refreshment and delight in ministering also to the needs of creatures who do not themselves suffer, but brighten and relieve the sufferers beside them. The same watchful tenderness, the same instinctive reading of the signs of physical conditions, and promptness in amending them, which make a good nurse go far to make a good gardener, and the practice of gardening might even be in many respects a useful preparation for tending human patients.

There is in attending to flowers just that mixture of manual with mental occupation which is to most people peculiarly restoring as a relaxation, with the advantage that whatever is too heavy in the manual part of the work can be easily delegated to others, as it scarcely requires any skill. The mental part of the work, on the other hand, is not severe, and is all interwoven with keen and simple pleasures—the pleasure of beautiful colors and forms, of fragrance, and of freshness—not to mention association and hope. Our plants make just enough demand upon us to beguile us into a little daily lingering among them, which soon becomes a delightful habit; and though they will supply any amount of occupation, they never require enough attention to be a serious interruption to other pursuits. The very busy or very lazy may enjoy watching the continual growth and unfolding of ferns in their glass abode, without lifting a finger for weeks at a time to do anything for them; while there is room for any amount of delightful daily pottering over climbing or freely flowering plants; and if once a spirit of anything like scientific observation gets a footing in our minds, there is no limit to the materials they will supply for it. Perhaps the chief drawback, in a moral point of view, to the advantages of gardening, is the really bloodthirsty spirit of revenge and intolerance which it kindles against slugs, spiders, wire-worms, green fly, and other blameless creatures struggling for existence with exasperating, and as it sometimes appears to us, almost fiendish ingenuity. No doubt even they have interesting habits, but the gardener who could watch them in a calmly scientific spirit must be more or less than human.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

The Artist and the Princess.

Ochre, of the "Sketching Club," told me a very good story the other day about how Wiertz painted a portrait of a certain Russian princess. You recollect Wiertz, the crazy artist, who did those astonishing pictures which are exposed in the Wiertz gallery at Bruxelles? A Russian princess came to him many years ago and gave him two sittings for her portrait. When finished, the lady came to look at it. It did not please her; she thought it did not look like her. She left, however, without finding any fault with it, and the next day her *valet de chambre* came to take the picture home, and brought with him five thousand francs to pay for it, which his mistress supposed to be the usual price charged by Wiertz. The valet asked the artist how much was his charge. "Ten thousand francs." "Ten thousand francs! Why, my mistress gave me but five thousand francs." "Well, go back directly to your mistress and tell her that my price is ten thousand francs." This was done, and the valet returned, saying that the princess was very much displeased with the portrait, and thought five thousand francs quite as much as it was worth, since it did not look like her. Wiertz coolly replied: "Oh, don't let the Princess X. derange herself. I'll keep the portrait." He did so, and, painting across the face some iron bars, exposed it the next day in one of the principal shops of Brussels, with this legend underneath, "*En prison pour dette.*" Among the thousands who saw it were some friends of the princess, who told her they had seen her portrait in such a plight, and assured her that "it certainly looked like you, at least." The next day Wiertz received his ten thousand francs and the princess withdrew her portrait from the public gaze.

The *Medical and Surgical Journal* expresses the opinion that the effort to open the Harvard medical school to women was intended as the thin end of the wedge which is to admit women to the entire privileges of the university.

How He Operated.

He was such a seedy-looking individual that most restaurateurs would have made him pay in advance, or give bonds before sitting down to eat. But it was probably on the principle that a book should never be judged by its cover that the keeper of the St. Charles Hotel allowed him to pass in and order a dinner.

"I think I'll take a little soup first."

"What kind, sah?"

"Vermicelli; and bring three straws."

"Straws, straws?" murmured the waiter.

"Yes, straws," responded the guest. "I always take my soup through straws; I acquired the habit while sojourning at Lake Maggiore last summer."

The soup was brought and speedily disposed of. Then he ate a plate of roast beef, some asparagus and green peas, and was on his second plate of pudding when something seemed to strike him, and he jumped out of his chair and rushed for the street with might and main.

"Stop thief!" shouted the cashier, as he jumped over the counter and grabbed the retreating indivdual by the collar of his coat.

"Here, now, pay up!" he demanded.

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue," screamed the guest, as he danced around in a wild endeavor to extricate himself from the grip of the cashier.

"Keep still," said the eating-house man.

"Vive l'America," screeched the visitor, in stentorian tones, as he waved his hand around his head.

"What's the matter?" demanded the cashier.

"I want to get outside to see the procession. I am a patriot, I am; I fought in the war, I did, and I want to take a look at this procession; then I'll go back and eat forty cents' worth more."

"What procession do you want to see?" inquired the cashier.

"Why, the one one coming up Broadway."

"There is none!"

"There ain't, eh; just listen to that. Didn't you hear a cornet just then? Didn't you detect the entrancing notes of Auber's Black Domino' floating around in rythmic chunks?"

"No, I didn't."

"There it goes again," went on the visitor, in excited tones; "there it goes again, only this time the tune has changed to 'Morgenblatter.' Have you a taste for music?"

"Come, now," roared the cashier, "pay up; there is no music being played. You can't get out of here in that way."

At this juncture about a dozen men stepped up to the counter to pay for their meals; and the cashier, forgetting for the time being the man who imagined he heard martial music, walked behind the desk to receive the funds, and the patriot rushed out as though he was a cross between a whirlwind and a Zulu, and was soon sitting in a park digesting his meal and gazing upon the sparrows, while he made fanciful designs in the sand with a bit of stick.—*New York Star.*

Parks.

Now that Detroit is assured of a park, it may be interesting to know something of the size of other city parks. London has free pleasure grounds within the city amounting to more than 3,000 acres, but no single one as large as Belle Isle. Hyde Park contains 389 acres, Kensington, 252; Regents Park and Primrose Hill, 473; Victoria Park, 248; Greenwich Park, 185, and Batterson Park, 175. There are also several other smaller parks containing less than 100 acres each. Within an hour of London there are nearly 10,000 acres of parks that are resorted to by the people. Phœnix Park, at Dublin, contains 1,752 acres. It is too large and has not been properly attended to, while Liverpool has a park too small but one of the finest in the world. Burkenhead Park, at Liverpool, contains but 185 acres. The Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, is a forest of some 2,000 acres. The Prater, at Vienna, is five miles long and with the exception of the Bois de Boulogne, is the most frequented park in Europe. The English Garden, at Munich, is four miles long and a half a mile wide. The Thiergarten, of Berlin, contains 200 acres. The Summer gardens of St. Petersburg are small, being about half a mile long and quarter of a mile broad. The gardens of Catherinehoff, St. Petersburg, consist of thirty-five acres. The Djurgard of Stockholm, is about three miles in circumference. Philadelphia has a very extensive park on the Schuylkill river, which is left in a state of nature. It is about three and a half miles long and has an average width of a mile and a half. New York Central Park is the most celebrated pleasure ground in America. It contains about seventy acres more than Belle Isle. It is about two and a half miles long by five-eighths of a mile wide. It is not so accessible as Belle Isle, however, as it is four miles from the city hall, and can be reached by land only, while Belle Isle is less than two and a half miles from the city hall, and can be reached by both land and water when the bridge is built. Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, is about one and one-third miles long by three-fourths average width. Boston Common contains forty-eight acres. St. Louis has a park and garden, given to it by a wealthy citizen. Cincinnati has its fine suburbs and breezy hill tops as its park. Cleveland has a small park set up edgeways on lake Erie's bank, nicely laid out with carriage drives, walks, fountains, trees, etc. Detroit has Belle Isle, a park by nature, and perhaps the only island city park in the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The electric light is going West at a rate that would have delighted the heart of Horace Greeley. It is going under ground, too. It is now used to light up a mine at Straitesville, Nev. The miners are delighted with it, as they can work as well as they could in daylight. Other mines are being fitted up for its introduction. This looks like running the electric light into the ground.—*Detroit Press.*

A Queer Love Story.

A little more than four years ago a gentlemen of this village, then about twenty-three years of age, fell in love with a young lady, aged about nineteen, also of Port Jervis. She returned his affection and for a time all went along smoothly. The lady was a daughter of pious parents, and although she was not connected with any church, was a firm believer in their tenets, and looked with a feeling akin to horror on anything approaching to skepticism or doubt. But the time came when she learned that her lover was an atheist; that he disbelieved in a revealed religion, had no veneration for the Bible, and took no interest in churches, seldom or never attending them save as her escort. She was deeply pained by this revelation. She sent for her lover and endeavored to convince him of his error, but he was not satisfied with her arguments and refused to accede to a surrender of his principles. The more the lady pondered the more her duty seemed clear to her, and she finally decided to renounce her love. She accordingly wrote to him a long and tear-stained letter, bidding him good-by forever. The gentleman again and again urged her to reconsider her determination, but she was obdurate, and a separation took place. He was deeply grieved, but, although he was badly used, he felt that she had acted up to what her convictions of right demanded. He could not easily divest himself of his love, and after a few months he left this village and engaged in business elsewhere. The young lady mourned, but tried to satisfy herself that she had acted correctly. Two years made her more liberal than she had been, and she began to study the subject. The more she read the more she distrusted her former decision, and she finally became quite as liberal as the lover she had discarded. Whether the logic of the books she read, or the prompting of the old love had most to do with the change, it would be hard to tell. The lover, too, had undergone a change. The fact that his creed had cost him his sweetheart annoyed him, and, struggle as he would, he could not banish her from his memory. Last winter a revival of religion took place in the city in which he was engaged in business. At the solicitations of a friend he was induced to attend. As in the other case, it would be hard to tell whether the change was brought about by the arguments of the preacher, by the excitement which prevailed, or by the memory of his old love. Suffice it to say that he united with the church, and in a short time became a zealous member. He thought over the action of his former sweetheart in discarding him for his infidelity, and wrote her a brief note asking the privilege of once more calling on her. She responded in the affirmative. The gentleman came, and when she timidly apologized for her previous dismissal of him, he, to her surprise, defended her conduct, said she had been in the right, and in her place he would to-day do the same. Her heart sank at these words. She confessed the great change in her sentiments, from being a firm believer in the Bible, she had discarded it, and with it her belief in any revealed religion. It was now the gentleman's turn to be horrified. He pleaded with her, urged everything he could think of to induce her to change her mind. She could not and told him so. He felt that he must not be "unequally yoked with an unbeliever," and, taking counsel of his religion, gave her up.—*Port Jervis Union.*

Recreation in Theban Literature.

"Married people," said Epaminondas, "cannot talk as freely and rapidly as young people."

"I hadn't noticed it," said Pelopidas, "and I don't think it is true."

"It is true," replied the illustrous Theban, "because—"

"Because they are paired?" sagely asked his friend.

Epaminondas shook his head.

"Because the two married people are only one, while each of the young people is one, two?"

Epaminondas looked sad and stifled a rising sigh.

Pelopidas thought a moment and said:

"Because their two 'heads have but a single thought'?"

"Oh, no," the statesman said, "it isn't necessary to have even one thought to do an infinite amount of talking. Look at the *Congressional Record*. No," he continued, with an air of interest, "but you know the marriage service is conducted orally? Verbally? By word of mouth, or tongue, as you may say, the knot matrimonial is tied?"

"Yes," said Pelopidas, "I see, so far."

"Well, then," said Epaminondas with a faint gleam of triumph on his face, "the married folk do the less talking because they are tongue tied."

Pelopidas was wrapped in silent amazement for a few moments, and then said it was a pretty good conundrum, if that was its first appearance in the west, but it reminded him of a man building a one story house.

"How's that?" asked the soldier statesman.

"Blamed sight more scaffolding than house," said Pelopidas.

And then Epaminondas set his teeth and muttered that it was a pity some people were born without any appreciation for anything.—*Hawk-Eye.*

The daily newspaper said now to contain most reading matter is the Chicago *Times*. It has sixteen pages, eight broad columns to the page, 128 columns in all, and is printed in close type. Included in its new equipments are eight improved presses with a combined capacity of 90,000 copies per hour. It paid last year over $100,000 for telegraphic news. It has 300 paid correspondents and 30 editors and reporters.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice green tomatoes; place them in salt and water over night; in the morning, drain; scald them in vinegar; again drain, pack in jars, and pour fresh, hot vinegar over, to which has been added horse-radish and spice.

About Poisons.

"Poison: A substance which, when taken into the stomach, mixed with the blood, or applied to the skin or flesh, proves fatal or deleterious; any thing infectious or malignant." Our scissors make the first clip out of Webster for a definition of the greater evil as well as the greatest good known in the medical world. For after the fashion of the old saying: "It takes a thief to catch a thief," in public systems, so in the individual system if one poison has stolen away into the network of veins by fair means or foul, there is small hope of recovering one's own, save another poison be sent after it.

All medicines seem to be more or less poisonous; but owing to the large doses those classed "less" require to produce death or even deleterious effects, they are by the mass of people regarded as harmless, for arsenic, strychnine, opium, chloroform, mercury, and perhaps a few other prominent remedies, cover all, to them, dangerous poisons. Yet we read in a daily paper of a child suddenly attacked by severe vomiting, which the usual remedies failed to check, ends in exhaustion and death; and the cause is laid anywhere but at the confectioner's counter where the boy bought his candies and cakes flavored with bitter almond.

"The bitter almond is a powerful poison." A single drop of the essential oil on a cat's tongue made a dead pussy of a living one in just five minutes by experiment. Some delicate organizations, especially among children, can bear but little of this essence, the smallest quantity producing an eruption like nettle rash, if nothing worse, and yet macaroons are eaten and given to children to eat with impunity, while confectioners are often, now-a-days, using, not the bitter almond but the essential oil for their flavoring. There is a "family connection" between the bitter and sweet almond, how close is not easily defined, but sufficient to show that on some persons the sweet nut on our tables if eaten produces an effect similar to that caused by the bitter almond.

"Fish poison is one of the most singular in all the range of toxicology." Certain kinds of fish in hot countries are looked upon as always poisonous. Other kinds are only poisonous to peculiar constitutions, and perhaps depending somewhat on the climate. The richer sort of vertebrate fish, though actually eaten with perfect safety by mankind in general, are nevertheless poisonous, either at all times or occasionally to peculiar individuals. This fact is self-evident to many of us who have experienced nausea after eating white fish, salmon, lobster, etc., at one time or another, and instinct is wise when it heeds the hint and declines the poison in the future.

Lead poisoning we are more familiar with, as some members of our household are more susceptible than others to the injurious effects of water run through lead pipes. But the poison in this case, acting slowly and subtly, is usually classed "malaria." Those who work in lead mines or in any way with lead and absorb its fine dust into their system, except by the greatest care, sooner or later have what in general phraseology is called printers' or painters' palsy. The habits of children to bite and wet their lead pencils is often followed by serious results, which are more likely to be traced to a close school room and hard study, than to the lead pencils, slate pencils and chalk they have munched on at short intervals five days out of the seven.

Another of the every-day poisons is found in the syrup which is a leading feature of the American breakfast table. "The use of chloride of tin in glucose syrups has been proved by numerous analysis." Think of that, oh ye who indulge in "golden drip" and "maple syrup" on cold, wintry mornings on your hot cakes. Beware of any syrup that leaves a metallic taste in the mouth, lest by means of the sweet liquid your stomach gets a tin lining, and you, wondering why on earth you have developed dyspepsia, conclude it must be hot cakes disagree with you. And if the said cakes are made of the raising—easy stuff called baking-powder—very likely the disagreement can, in part, be laid to them, for analysis has also shown that baking-power contains a large proportion of desiccated alum.—*Journal of Materia Medica.*

When a man has been convicted of chopping up a poor old couple with an ax and robbing and burning the house, the next thing is for some one to hope the sheriff will kill him very softly and tenderly.

If the New York detectives could have had one more week at Dr. Hull they would have made him believe and confess that he murdered his wife. They were hauled off just in time to let the real criminal come to light.

Sea-bathing may have its charms for the spindle-legged men and flat-footed women, but what can exceed the satisfaction of crawling across ten acres of sweet-scented clover to steal a peck of yellow harvest apples and eat them in the shade of a barn filled with new-mown hay.

Now is the time, says the New Bedford *Mercury*, when people are beginning to close their cool and comfortable homes in the city, and betake themselves and families to swelter in low-roofed country farm-houses, a dozen miles from the butcher, baker, post-office and railroads.

THAT DREADFUL AFFLICTION, Epilepsy, Convulsions or Fits, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, each attack increasing the liability to a return, and adding greatly to the difficulty of arresting the disorder. In the absence of proper treatment, a mere faintness, with slight muscular twitchings, occurring at long intervals, in time becomes violent convulsions of great frequency, and the patient gradually sinks into imbecility. If relief is obtainable at all after the disease is thus firmly seated, it must be from some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and which not only has a tendency to suppress the attacks, but which will remove the morbid tendency to relapse. Dr. Jayne's Alterative has happily been found to answer this purpose admirably; it gradually changes the morbid condition of the system, removes the cause of the disease, and when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, produces a permanent cure. Let the afflicted try it.

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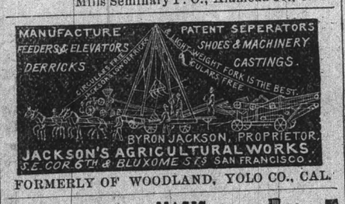
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Leading Paper.

Nevada Tribune, May 9.

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TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—GENTLEMEN: The ladies of my household (four in number) unite with me in pronouncing your "Phosphate Soap" the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the *natural oil so essential* to health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
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SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.,.....JULY 26, 1879



REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HUGH J. GLENN.....of Colusa
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
LEVI CHASE.....of San Diego
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
W. J. TINNIN.....of Trinity
FOR CONTROLLER,
W. B. C. BROWN.....of Sacramento
FOR TREASURER,
G. T. PAULI.....of Sonoma
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
JO. HAMILTON.....of Placer
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,
WM. MINIS.....of Yolo
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
D. B. WOOLF.....of San Francisco
FOR SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
HENRY C. GESFORD.....of Napa
FOR CHIEF JUSTICE,
R. F. MORRISON.....of San Francisco
FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES,
E. W. McKINSTRY.....of San Francisco
J. D. THORNTON.....of San Francisco
T. P. STONEY.....of Napa
THOS. B. REARDAN.....of Nevada
E. M. ROSS.....of Los Angeles
S. B. McKEE.....of Alameda
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
1st Dist.-G. J. CARPENTER..of El Dorado
FOR BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,
3d Dist. C. E. WILCOXSON.....of Sutter
MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
3d Dist. C. P. BERRY.....of Sutter.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Superior Judge,
E. R. BUSH.
For Joint Senator,
J. H. HARLAN,
For Member of the Assembly,
D. N. HERSHEY.
For Sheriff,
JNO. D. LAWSON
For Clerk,
H. B. PENDEGAST.
For Recorder,
J. O. MAXWELL.
For Treasurer,
A. C. KEAN.
For Assessor,
FRED. KLAYS.
For District Attorney,
W. H. GRANT.
For Superintendent of Schools,
JNO. W. GOIN.
For Surveyor,
L. EVERETT.
For Public Administrator,
S. L. MONDAY.
For Coroner,
P. KRELLENBERG.
For Justice of the Peace, Cache Creek Township,
E. PETERSON.
For Constable, Cache Creek Township,
S. MONTGOMERY.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

The Democratic State Central Committee met in San Francisco on Saturday last, and decided by a vote of 24 to 6 to leave the name of Dr. Glenn at the head of the State Ticket. They agreed that they had no authority to remove him. That being the case we shall support him. We would rather have had a man at the head of our ticket who had affiliated with no other party, but we would also much rather have H. J. Glenn for the chief magistrate of this State than Geo. C. Perkins.

Avoid it as the Republican party may, it is no less a fact that the question of most vital importance to the people of this State is the Railroad question, and it is bound to cut the prominent figure in this campaign. That Mr. Perkins' interests are with the C. P. R. R. no sane man will attempt to deny, and that the Republican Convention which nominated him was under the control of the corporation is firmly believed by a majority of the people of this State.

Mr. Glenn's interests are those of the people and especially the farmers, and as he has said his administration shall be Democratic, we shall give him our support, though we acknowledge that it is not as hearty as it would have been had he pledged himself to the support of the Democratic ticket and no other.

A LAND DECISION.—The Secretary of the Interior has affirmed the decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office in the case of B. B. Allen et al. vs. the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at Visalia, California. The decision was adverse to an application, to wit: A preemption on declaratory statement. The Department held that lands of the road are not within the indemnity limits, and are therefore free from homestead or preemption claims.

THE DUTY OF DEMOCRATS.

The Democratic party of Yolo county are in condition to elect their entire county ticket this year if they only think so. All it needs is work, and if the members of the party will make as hard a fight this year as they have in years past, they have no reason to fear the result. In the first place, taken as a whole, the Democratic ticket is by far the best ticket in the field, everything considered, and, as far as our observation has been, it is the best ticket ever put up in the county. The candidates for the Legislature and Superior Judgeship, the only officers that will have anything to do with the new Constitution, directly, were all supporters of and voted for the adoption of that instrument. The balance of the ticket have nothing to do with the new law, but if they did, they are men whom the people of Yolo county can place the utmost confidence in. Where in Yolo county can be found better men for the positions to which they aspire, than Jno. D. Lawson, Bruce Pendegast, A. C. Kean, J. O. Maxwell, Fred. Klays, W. H. Grant, Jno. W. Goin, and the balance of the Democratic ticket? Is there a Democrat in the county that doubts for a moment that they would discharge the duties of the offices to which they aspire honestly and with ability? We think not, and are certain that the votes cast on the 3d of September will decide that there are still enough Democrats in Yolo county to constitute a majority. There are lots of them here, but some of them need waking up, and it should be the duty of every member of the party to see that he does his part. If a Democrat is found whose name is not on the Great Register, see that it is put on. Use all fair and honorable means to bring out the full Democratic vote on election day, and Yolo county is good for 200 majority for the Democratic ticket.

OUR CONGRESSMAN.

Hon. C. P. Berry, the Democratic candidate for Congress from this District, has again received the nomination of the W. P. C. After he refused to take the pledge of the Workingmen's party, which required him, if elected, and the election of the next President was thrown into the House, to vote for the man for President that they should name, and none other, they dropped his name from their ticket and substituted that of Geo. T. Elliott, of Solano county. Mr. Elliott refused to accept the nomination, and declared himself a Berry man. The Workingmen met in Marysville last week, and after rescinding the resolution requiring their candidate to take the pledge, again placed Mr. Berry on their ticket. This was a sensible move. Mr. Berry, although not a W. P. C. is a workingman in the strictest sense of the word. He was Speaker of the last Assembly, and his record is clean and spotless. Upright and honest, fearless and bold, he is just such a man as the people of this district need to represent them in the halls of Congress. Hs is as certain of being elected as the election is to take place on the 3d day of next September.

THE SUPERIOR JUDGESHIP.

This office is one that requires ability both mental and physical. The duties, as laid down by the new Constitution, are those of the County and District Judges combined, and the Court is to be always open for business. Without saying one word against the other candidates for the position in this county, it is our honest opinion and also the opinion of many others, that Judge Bush posesses more legal knowledge and a finer balanced mind than either of them. That he is physiically their superior, none will deny, and he would thus be better able to come up to the requirements of the law in holding Court at any time. Against the private character of his opponents, we have nothing to say; nor will we have. We have four sound reasons for supporting Judge Bush for the position, which are as follows: First, he is the best fitted for the position. Second, he is honest. Third, he is a Democrat, and Fourth, he supported the new Constitution.

Talk about shaking hands across the bloody chasm. It is nothing to the sight of Charley De Young and Geo. C. Gorham walking up to the pit that they have been filling with gore for the last few years, and indulging in an embrace that carries with it the idea of suffocation and rib-breaking.

Subscribe for the STANDARD—eight pages, $2 a year.

NOT A DEAD ISSUE.

The Republican press of this State, and particularly the Sacramento railroad organ, are doing their best to make it appear that the railroad question is a dead issue in this campaign, and argue that it was settled by the people at the election on the 7th of May last. If they could only succeed in making the voters of California believe this to be true, it would be a happy day for the Republican party, as the railroad marks, which are now so plainly visible on their ticket, and in the management of their campaign, would not then be noticed. The vote on the new Constitution showed the standing of the people of this State on this great question, but it did not settle it. A Legislature controlled by the C. P. R. R., with a Governor to act in harmony with it, can work as much harm to the people of this State under the new law as it could under the old. But a Legislature and Governor that will see that the rights of the people are not trampled on, can be of great benefit to our commonwealth. The Republican State Convention at Sacramento this year had the scales and scabs of the Central Pacific Railroad plastered all over it, and the people will see to it that the Legislature is safely quarantined against its nominees for one year at least. The railroad issue is not a dead one, and will not be for years to come.

The Los Angeles *Herald* remarks: All is not lovely in the Republican camp of Los Angeles county. Personal bickerings to the extent of actual demoralization are rending the organization in two. The suave and insinuating Perkins is powerless to heal this breach; and, lamentable to say, the number of Republicans who are ready to repudiate their Gubernatorial nominee is simply legion. As for the Democracy, they are compact and invincible. Their losses can be reduced to a mathematical problem, whose certainty is only disturbed by the multitude of workingmen who are returning to the fold. Maugre all defections, they are masters of the situation. As for the "N. C. P.'s," they will make simply a pitable exhibit. If the Democracy of the rest of California are as hopeful, consistent and unswerving as their brethren of Los Angeles, they will achieve a glorious triumph in September. If they shall prove to lack the loyalty to party and the devotion to principle which prevail here, we shall nevertheless give them a shining example by which they may pattern in the future.

Congressman Chalmers, of Mississippi, said to the negroes of his District the other day: You are now freemen. Nobody has a right to restrain you, against your will, from going where you choose. But, as regards this migration to Kansas, let me advise you not to be rash and precipitate in a movement of such importance to your future. You should forward a few good, intelligent men to ascertain what advantages and disadvantages present themselves to the colored emigrant. But of one thing I assure you—you will have the white man to contend with wherever you go. The sun is the colored man's friend. In land where his rays drive the white man to shelter the colored man has the advantage, but in the cold climate of the North he cannot compete with his white neighbor. Stay where your friend, the sun, aids you in the contest.

Mr. Thurman has written to a friend in Ohio concerning the late session of Congress: "In my judgment, no session of Congress has done more for the vindication of the principles of American liberty. We have successfully maintained the principle that the bayonet shall not control the ballot box; we have repealed the infamous jurors' test oath; we have provided for impartial juries in the Federal courts, North and South, and we have maintained the principle that the Federal Government shall not interfere in the election of the officers of the States. A greater declaration in favor of popular liberty has not been made since the adoption of Magna Charta."

One of tne most amusing things of this campaign is the manner in which Republicans and Republican papers are trying to make the Democrats believe that Perkins is a better Democrat than Glenn. The great Republican party is in need of votes, and they are willing to do most anything to get them. It won't work. It is doomed to defeat, and it's leaders feel it in their bones.

The Juror's Test Oath.

Here is what the Washington *Post* says in regard to the juror's test oath and its repeal by Congress: "One righteous measure is perfected. One great act of justice is accomplished. One of the most diabolical devices of Radical malevolence is at last destroyed. The abolition of the juror's test oath is a victory of right over wrong, of liberty over despotism, of constitutional government over tyrannical persecution. And let it be borne in mind that it has cost a hard struggle; maintained for several years, to banish this infamous provision from the statute-books. Let it be remembered that this infernal contrivance for annulling the right of trial by jury, this statutory provision for placing the lives, liberty and property of the Southern whites at the mercy of their former slaves, this law for excluding the intelligence, character, social standing and influence of the South from the jury-box and putting ignorance and passion in its place, has been fought for by the Radical party as if it were the central idea of their political creed. The repeal of this shameful statute is a Democratic victory, pure and simple, and marks a new departure. It is a signal that the hatred and malice which the Radicals put into the statutes under the influence of bitter feeling engendered by the war, have had their day. It is a long stride toward a restoration of the Government to normal conditions. It is a promise that equal and exact justice shall be done in all sections, and that all causes of sectional bitterness and strife shall be removed."

The yellow fever is spreading in Memphis, and there are several new cases and deaths reported every day.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF YOLO COUNTY, in the matter of the petition of FRED. PRESTON, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent FRED. PRESTON, to be and appear before the Honorable E. R. Bush, aforesaid, in open Court at the Court room of said Court in the town of Woodland, County of Yolo, on the **6th day of September,** 1879, at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 28th day of July, 1879.

D. M. BURNS, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By IGNACIO BROWN, Dep'y Clerk.
Holl & O'Brien, Atty's for Petitioner.

J. H. HARLAN.
Democratic Candidate for
JOINT SENATOR,
YOLO AND SOLANO COUNTIES.

A. C. KEAN.
Democratic Candidate for
TREASURER,
YOLO COUNTY.

R. W. MEGOWAN.
New Constitution Candidate for
COUNTY RECORDER,
YOLO COUNTY.

J. O. MAXWELL.
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY RECORDER,
YOLO COUNTY.

FRED. KLAYS.
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY ASSESSOR,
YOLO COUNTY.

JNO. D. LAWSON.
Democratic Candidate for
SHERIFF,
YOIO COUNTY.

JOHN W. GOIN.
Democratic Candidate for
SUPERINTENDENT of SCHOOLS,
YOLO COUNTY.

HUDSON GRANT.
Democratic Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
YOLO COUNTY,

E. R. BUSH.
Democratic Candidate for
SUPERIOR JUDGE,
YOLO COUNTY.

H. B. PENDEGAST
Regular Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY CLERK
YOLO COUNTY.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,

Grain Bags,

Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

SUBSCRIBE FOR

—THE—

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 50 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months..... 1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

For a short time at King's, card photos at $1.50 per dozen. *

The District Court has been in session this week.

For a short time at King's, Cabinet Photos. at $3.50 per dozen. *

The ruling price for wheat has been $1.55 and $1.57½ in Woodland this week.

The Petrified Man is now on exhibition at Charley Charmak's Elite Cigar Store.

New Constitution Cigars at St. Louis' Variety Store. The best in Woodland *

The weather this week has been roasting hot—the thermometer getting over 100 degrees several times.

Barney is making a hard fight, but it will do him no good this year. He is doomed to defeat, and Jno. D. Lawson will be the next Sheriff.

If there are any candidates that want their names to come prominently before the people, they should see that their card is inserted in the STANDARD.

The "Queen or Woodland" conveyed a load of citizens to Sacramento on Thursday evening to see "Pinafore," as given by the Melville troupe at that place.

We understand that the new campaign daily is to be called the *Daily Republican*, and that it will be issued from the *Mail* office on Monday next as an evening paper.

About two weeks more, and the fight will be red-hot. It already has got up to a lively simmer, and button-holes should be worked with some material that will stand the wear.

On Monday last, a little son of E. L Clark, who lives in Capay Valley, was instantly killed by falling under a wagon, the wheels of which passed over his head, crushing the skull.

It was reported on the street the other day that the proposed Republican daily paper project had died and was buried, but on inquiry it was learned that it was only the subscription list that was interred.

The Republicans have nominated J. M. Dudley, of Solano county, for Joint Senator. J. H. Harlan will beat him so bad in Yolo that he will come to the conclusion that he wasn't running for office anyway.

The hardest worked man in the county at the present time is the correspondent who is hunting up the qualifications of the candidates on the Republican ticket, and publishing them in the *Mail* over the signature of IIX.

One of the members of the chain gang made a strike for liberty on Wednesday last, during the absence of Deputy Huston for a few moments. He was found shortly after, however, hiding in some tall grass and vines near the brick kiln.

De Pue & Co. have lately finished a sketch of J. R. Briggs' farm near Buckeye, Yolo county, for insertion in their work. It is one of the largest size, shows the place to fine advantage, and is decidedly artistic in the manner in which it is gotten up.

J. A. Black, of Knight's Landing, has some very fine harness on exhibition at his place of business. Noticeable among a large quantity of fine work is a set of buggy harness which we do not think can be beat for fine workmanship any where in the State.

The young Republicans of Woodland have formed a Perkins Club, and have made arrangements for uniforms, which they propose to parade in during the present campaign. Their club room is in the building formerly occupied by R. Forrester, as a dry goods store.

The Board of Supervisors of this county have been sitting this week as a Board of Equalization. They will complete their work on Monday next, and all who want their assessment lowered, and are not on hand by that time, must not growl if they are too late.

Geo. D. Fiske, jr., has been canvassing the town this week for subscribers to the new Republican daily, which is to be issued shortly. He met with good success. We have not heard what the name of the paper will be, but we understand that A. A. De Long will have the editorial management of it.

Cacheville is rather lively just now. Harvest is in full blast, and on Sunday the town is full of men. One of the busiest places in the town is the blacksmith shop of Henry Kast, where a great deal of machinery is repaired. J. Borach seems to be doing a good business at his store, and the town does not look dull.

The campaign was opened on Monday night last by a Republican meeting, addressed by Ex-Gov. Woods and G. J. Swinnerton. Both these gentlemen are fine speakers, but they flailed to arouse any enthusiasm, for the reason, we suppose, that the Republicans of Yolo county do not feel very enthusiastic over their prospect.

The Republican papers of the State are now very busily engaged in editorial jollifications over the departure of Geo. C. Gorham from the Republican ranks. And only a year or so ago they were holding him up as the paragon of perfection, and the most abused man in the Union. If what they now say of him is the truth, what liars they have been in the past.

Pure Kentucky Whiskies and Peach Brandy for medicinal purposes at Elston's Drug Store. *

A Poor Crop.

Adam Steiner generally has as good a crop of wheat as anybody, and most every year there appears in some one of the county papers a statement to the effect that he has raised a splendid crop, and the result is attributed to the fact that he is a thorough farmer. This year is an exception to the general rule, and we are sorry to say that his crop is a poor one. On the first of May last he had eighty acres of land in wheat, which gave promise of producing from 40 to 50 bushels to the acre. The land had been summer-fallowed, and plowed twice, and was in the best possible condition for a good crop. About the middle of May a heavy rain spoiled the prospects. Mr. Steiner has just finished threshing the crop from this land, and the result is 445 sacks of badly shrunken grain, or less than six sacks to the acre. Now some may say that giving the land extra attention in the culture of wheat does not pay, but if they will take Mr. Steiner's average crop for the last ten years they will see their mistake. The elements were against him this year, but if his land had not been in the best condition, it is doubtful whether he would have had any crop at all worth cutting.

Remember it's only for a short time that King offers reduced rates. *

Yolo County Real Estate.

We paid Assessor Beamer a visit in his office this week, and took a look at the Assessment Roll of Yolo county, which has been completed. It is one of the neatest kept books we ever saw, and great credit is due the Assessor and his efficient deputy, Jos. Labusier, for the manner in which they perform their work. The total valuation of all property in the county is $9,916,597. The number of acres of land assessed, not including town lots, is 547,365. R. R. Carey heads the list of land owners with 17,884 acres. D. N. Hershey has 10,388 acres; E. R. Lowe, 7,950; J. R. Briggs, 6,155; Geo. W. Scott, 5,865; heirs of M. Bemmerly, 7,635. There are a number that have between 1,000 and 5,000 acres. One Chinaman, Wah Lee, of Winters, pays a tax on real estate, and sixteen of the Mongolians are assessed for personal property. The rate of taxation for the past year was $1.58 on the $100, of which 55 cents was State tax.

King has his last fit on now—going out of the gallery business. *

Surveyor-General Minis was in town this week. Gen. Minis says he is going to win this fight, and we believe he can do it. Surely if a previous good record is any help to a man when running for a second term, Mr. Minis has a start that will tell in the race. During his administration, the Surveyor-General's office has been more economically conducted than it ever has been in the history of the State, and though it has not transacted as much business as during previous administrations, there has been more money turned into the State Treasury from it than there ever was before in the same time. All this goes to show that he has been exceptionally honest, and if the people of this State have not lost their reason they will see the office is placed in the same hands for another term. Yolo county will give him as large a majority as she did in 1875.

CAPAY RAILROAD.—We learn that D. Levy, Capay, has the strictest Cash Store in Yolo county. You can save from 25 to 50 per cent in buying your goods from him. *

We received a call on Wednesday last from J. O. Maxwell, Democratic candidate for County Recorder. Mr. Maxwell did not seek the nomination for the office, but it was thrust upon him, and now he is making a lively fight for it. He is a resident of Buckeye precinct, and although that is the Foxtail stronghold, he will carry it by a large majority. Buckeye has been out in the cold for some time as regards county officers, and the citizens of that precinct are not going to let the chance slip of being represented by one of the most important offices in the county.

We call attention of our readers to the "History of the Churches of Yolo County" on the first page of to-day's issue. It was prepared by Col. Gilbert, historian for De Pue & Co., and he hopes that persons who may be acquainted with the early history of the Churches in the county, if they notice any mistakes in the article, will notify him of the same that he may correct them.

From a private letter from Maj. Jas. O'Farrel, we learn that he has arrived safely at Athens, Georgia, and is engaged in the merchandise business with his brothers. The Major reports a great change in that section in the few years he has been absent, but the change is for the better, as he says the country was then ruled by carpet-baggers, but it is now under the administration of Christians.

Fred Klays, of Davisville, Democratic candidate for Assessor, is a young man who is eminently fitted for the position to which he aspires. The Assessor's office is one that requires energy and business tact, and Mr. Klays possesses both. We understand that the southern portion of the county is solid for him, and we are in no wise alarmed but what the northern portion will at least give him a majority.

The most popular cigar is the "Bumblebee" and the best brand of tobacco is the "Gravely," to be had at Elston's Drug Store. *

FOR SHERIFF.—Considerable interest is being manifested in the fight for Sheriff of Yolo county. The prospects of the Democratic candidate are improving every day, and we have heard it stated more than once by those who are well informed that the contest was between Lawson and Rham, with the chances greatly in favor of the former. We do know that Yolo county could not select a better man for the office than Jno. D. Lawson.

Burglary.

Last night the hardware store of H. B. Wood was entered and a quantity of pistols, knives, and other portable property, carried away. The burglars made their entrance by raising the large skylight in the center of the room, and then letting themselves down by means of a rope. A tall step ladder, kept in the store, was called into requisition by them in making their exit. The value of the property stolen, Mr. Wood estimates at $50 or $60.

On Monday last, a little boy, aged 14 months, the son of Mr. Powell, Mr. Dinsdale's son-in-law, who lives a few miles northeast of Woodland, got hold of a can of concentrated lye, and before it was discovered had swallowed about a teaspoonful of the contents. The child was immediately brought to town and taken to Elston's drug store, where antidotes were administered, but the little fellow was beyond relief. He was taken home, and died the next morning after suffering terribly. The funeral took place on Wednesday.

The Woodland Cadets gave a performance at Washington Hall last night. The drill by the company, the acrobatic performance by Dexter Dunphy, and the tight rope walking by a little boy by the name of Kaufman, were good.

D. M. Burns and Ex-Gov. Woods addressed a Republican meeting at Sacramento last night.

Eld. J. N. Pendegast has been lying very ill this week at his residence in Woodland.

Statement of the condition of the Bank of Woodland up to July 21st, 1879.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$508,461.19
County Warrants	4,082.06
Real Estate (Yolo County)	24,116.29
Furniture and Fixtures	948.00
Taxes, Costs, etc., advanced in pending litigation	202.98
Expenses	870.77
Tax and License Account	40,689.63
Cash and Remittances	59,844.27
	$639,291.94

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$450,000.00
Surplus Fund	13.500.00
Individual Deposits	174,130.16
Interest	1,407.25
Rents	251.50
Profit and Loss	3.03
	$639,291.94

F. S. Freeman, Vice-President, and C. W. Bush, Cashier of the Bank of Woodland, having been duly sworn, each for himself says that the above statement is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

[Signed] F. S. FREEMAN, Vice-Presi't.
C. W. BUSH, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 23d day of July, A. D., 1879.
J. C. BALL, Notary Public.

County Court—Bush, J.

July 16.—Case of Elizabeth Allen vs. J. G. Allen—Judgment ordered in favor of plaintiff for $207 and costs.

Fortier vs. St. Louis—Judgment ordered in favor of plaintiff for $60 and costs.

In the matter of the application of Edward Selma for writ of habeas corpus, application denied and prisoner remanded to the custody of the Sheriff.

Allen Case—Stay of 39 days.

Court adjourned.

District Court—Denson, J.

Harlan vs. Ely—tried and submitted.

Sac. Valley Rec. Co. vs. Henry E. Cook—tried and submitted.

People vs. George Hatcher—judgment entered and order filed.

People vs. Strobridge—same order.

People vs. J. E Copp—same order.

People vs. H. E. Cook—same order.

Hendricks vs. Strobridge—motion for new triad denied, and stay of execution for 20 days granted,

Naturalization of Chas. Finley granted on the testimony of J. E. Maltby and Thomas Pockman.

Alice Campbell vs. J. G. Campbell—decree of divorce granted.

The *Mail* says that the Railroad question is out of the fight this year, because that question will be left to the three Commissioners, whose power is almost omnipotent in the matter. We would like to ask that paper if that does not bring the Railroad question before the people in a stronger light than ever? If the three Commissioners we elect this year are to have the settling of the question, we would like to see the matter discussed a little more during the campaign. The railroad question is in this fight and the Republicans will find it out.

It is said by those who know, that A. C. Kean is already over 300 votes ahead of all competitors in the county, and is gaining every day.

B. W. Reagan, the Arizona mining millionaire, and wife, were thrown from a buggy in Oakland, on Thursday last, and so badly injured that doubts are entertained of their recovery.

STATE FAIR.—We have received from I. N. Hoag, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, one dozen copies of the Premium List for 1879, which are for distribution. Any one wishing a copy can call at the STANDARD office and be supplied. We return thanks to the officers of the Association for a complimentary season ticket to the Fair.

Winters Items.

WINTERS, July 23, 1879.

ED. STANDARD.—During no harvest season has there been such quiet on the streets of our town. This is due, no doubt to the efficiency of our officers, and the proximity of our jail.

Mr. Ezra Herring was severely injured last week by a pair of runaway horses, frightened by the cars, but he is rapidly improving, and will soon be all right.

The wheat buyers are active and social, and our town is much improved by their presence. There is considerable rivalry among them, and farmers are certain of good prices.

Both fruit and wheat are daily leaving our depot in large quantities.

Three dentists in town last week—Drs. Harding, Robinson and Cooper, yet people ssem to have good teeth.

A new windmill has been erected on the south side of Main street by Messrs Harling, Ely & Co., much to the comfort of the dwellers on the street.

Mrs. Pierce Wiggins, an old citizen, has recovered from her fractured arm, and removed to Alameda county with her foster daughter.

Born—Near Winters, July 7th, 1879, to Asa Hyde and wife, a daughter.

There is a dearth of news in this vicinity, but I hope for more next time. B. B.

There is nothing so refreshing as those ice-cold drinks from the Arctic Soda Fountain at Elston's Drug Store. *

The Wrong Bear Skin.

They used to tell a story on Gus. Bukofsky, who kept a store in Lake county some years ago, that runs as follows:

An old hunter walked into his store one day and asked: "What do you pay for black bear skins?"

"Vell," answered Gus., "black bear skins don't vorth much; now brown bear skins sell quicker, and vas vorth more, but black bear skins don't vorth much."

"Well," says the hunter, "I have a brown bear skin I would like to sell."

"Oh! *brown* bear skin!" says the irrepressible Gus. "Vell, I tell you, my friend, brown bear skin don't vorth so *very much* unless some man vants him for a puggy robe, ven he gives you more as anybody else."

Now the Republican party is just like this on the railroad question. When they thought the Democrats had railroad leanings, they were very anxious that the question be brought before the people; but now that the great corporation has gobbled the entire Republican party, the question is of no importance.

The Lake *Democrat* has lately entered upon its fifth volume. Mr. Cook, its editor, has shown himself to be a thorough newspaper man, and his paper is doing good work for the Democratic party of Lake county. When you take the Democrats out of Lake county, there isn't much left, so we might as well say the *Democrat* is working for the good of the whole county, which it surely is.

Miss Sarah McDonald, Principal of the Napa Young Ladies' Seminary, died at Jacksonville, Illinois, on Thursday of this week.

Col. Buford was convicted of the murder of Judge Elliott, in Kentucky, this week, and was, sentenced to the Penitentiary for life.

BORN.

In Woodland, Monday, July 21, 1879, to the wife of Warren Powers, a daughter.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The Illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size.

Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

DE PUE & Co., Publishers.
Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

DRUGGISTS.

[SUCCESSORS TO MACK WEBBER.]

One Door West of Express Office,

WOODLAND.

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), *Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Chest Protectors Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the*

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

French and English Perfumery,

BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,

A Fine Lot of

FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a full assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD RIDING AND DRIVING PONY.—Has been used for the last three years by a lady, and is perfectly gentle and kind everywhere. Have no use for him any longer and he must be sold. Inquire of
L WALKER,
At the Postoffice.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

Great Bargains!

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Quiet Influence.

The blessings of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew,
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here. —*Whittier.*

Wanderings in Patagonia.

Patagonia, to the majority of readers, is a *terra incognita*. Few books have been written about it, and these were published many years ago. A volume recently issued by Henry Holt & Company, entitled "Wanderings in Patagonia," by Julius Beerbohm, comes to the public with the attraction of novelty. Besides the valuable information it gives concerning this strange country and its picturesque descriptions of wild life upon the pampas and ostrich hunting, it possesses an additional attraction in being a narrative of exciting personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

In August, 1877, Mr. Beerbohm sailed from Buenos Ayres with a party of engineers, who were going to survey a portion of the eastern coast of Southern Patagonia. Shortly after his arrival at Port San Julian he received news which made his speedy return necessary. A party of four ostrich hunters were about to start for Santa Cruz, and from thence to Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan, where the steamer for Buenos Ayres touches. The author, therefore, chose this return route, which would also give him an excellent opportunity for further observation of the country.

Whoever enjoys the beauties of nature, even in the wildest state, should not think of going to Patagonia to indulge his taste. A series of level tracts or plateaus, where the vegetation is very sparse, broken by grassy ravines or "canyons," in which clumps of underwood grow; chains of sandy, barren hills; great plains of sand and stones, with only here and there a tuft of grass and a stunted, black-looking bush, often thirty to forty miles in extent, stretching away in dreary monotony to the horizon—these are the aspects of a Southern Patagonian landscape. There are no small water courses, though in the ravines springs of fresh water are to be found. Shallow lakes are occasionally seen, which deceive the inexperienced traveler in search of fresh water, for upon nearer inspection white crystals are seen upon the shores, which prove to be salt. In summer the water of these salt lakes evaporates, leaving a crust of salt from two to four inches in thickness.

Further south the author came upon a scene of unequalled wildness and desolation. Apparently it was the result of volcanic action, for great bowlders and sharp ridges of porphyry were scattered about amid the sand and scoriæ. Hills, valleys, undulations were there, but not a sign of life—no trace of vegetation—all was silent, bare and desolate, as though it were the very abode of death or "an unfinished portion of the globe, the very skeleton of a landscape."

Throughout the vast level tracts or pampas the only sign of human life and habitation is the curling smoke from camp-fires of native Indians or the ostrich hunters. Attempts have been made by neighboring South American countries to establish colonies in Southern Patagonia, but the settlements have been abandoned on account of the sterility of the soil. The canyons alone present an appearance of fertility, but this is not sufficient to warrant the production of sizeable crops.

Beerbohm gives a lively description of his first ostrich hunt. The principal weapon of the hunters is the "bolas," or balls, which are "either two round stones or pieces of lead, covered with leather and joined by a thong from six to eight feet long; or three balls united by thongs to a common centre." The hunter swings these balls around his head until the right pitch of velocity is gained, then hurls them at the game; the balls become entangled about whatever part of the creature is hit, checks its speed, so that the hunter soon comes up and dispatches it with his knife. The dogs started up an ostritch and gave chase, the hunters galloping in pursuit. The foremost of the pack had almost reached it, when suddenly the bird "doubled" or darted sideways, and the dogs, unable in their headlong speed to immediately change their course, shot on ahead, and the bird escaped. The ostrich often resorts to another trick, which is successful when the wind is blowing against the scent; it lies flat on the ground, with neck outstretched, and, nearly concealed by the long coarse grass, remains motionless until the dogs have passed on. Suddenly another ostrich started up from a nest almost under the horses' feet, as the bird will not leave its nest upon the approach of danger until the last moment. An exciting chase ensued, the horses tearing along at full speed; again the bird seemed about to escape, when one of the party flung the bolas with successful aim, entangling its legs, bringing it to the ground, and the prize was soon secured, killed and hung to the saddle. The ostrich of Southern Patagonia is smaller than the African ostrich, and the feathers are not so valuable. One dollar to two dollars is the price per pound at Sandy Point. Its plumage is brown in color, tipped with white. Ostriches are prized by the hunters as an edible, broiled ostrich wings being considered a great delicacy, having something the flavor of turkey. The eggs are also eaten. An ostrich egg is about the size of eight hen's eggs and keeps a long time, being fairly eatable six months after being laid. The nests are merely holes scooped in the sandy soil under the shelter of a bush and lined with a few wisps of grass.

Other objects of the chase are the guanacos and pumas. The guanaco is an animal which has "the head of a camel, the body of a deer, the wool of a sheep and the neigh of a horse." The wool is reddish-yellow, intermixed with white on some portions of the body. It roams over the pampas in great numbers, generally in herds, and is a very useful animal to the hunter. Its flesh forms his chief article of diet, and in certain seasons of the year, when fat, is excellent eating, resembling beef. With its hide he makes his lasso, reins, bolas and shoes, and with the skins, taken from the young animals before the fur has become coarse and woolly, makes the "capa," a long, broad mantle, that is a necessary protection from the keen, fierce winds that continually sweep over the plains.

The puma is a large animal, of great strength, capable of killing a full-sized guanaco with one blow of the paw. It has yellowish gray fur and preys upon the ostriches and guanacos. If taken when young and tamed it resembles a cat and will purr when petted. It is very cowardly and is easily attacked and killed.

The hunters do not rely wholly upon the trophies of the chase for food, but carry with them rice, biscuit, sugar, gin and mate. The latter is a dried herb that makes an aromatic tea, which possesses marvelous restorative powers.

Mr. Beerbohm eloquently describes the charm of this life upon the pampas—the exhilarating gallops after ostriches, or across the plains, where the pure, dry, invigorating air made mere existence seem a delight and create an appetite that relished the coarsest food; camping at night within the shelter of some thick bush and listening to wild tales of adventure told by the hunters around the camp-fire; sleeping soundly under the stars with no danger from malaria, wild beasts, snakes, mosquitoes or hostile savages.

A little further in their journeyings they came upon an Indian camp. The author gives much interesting information concerning these native inhabitants, the result of his observations. Referring to the sparseness of the population, he says:—

"It may be estimated that the human population of that vast territory which lies between the Rio Negro and the Straits of Magellan barely numbers three thousand souls, and, if the mortality among them continues on the same scale as hitherto, it is to be feared that in a comparatively short period they will have disappeared altogether from off the face of the earth, and survive only in memory as a sad illustration of the remorseless law of the non-survival of the unfitted."

The general impression of the gigantic size of the Patagonians is incorrect.

"Notwithstanding that the exaggerated accounts of early travelers as to the stature of the Patagonians have frequently been contradicted and disproved, a great many people seem still to be firmly impressed with the idea that the race of giants is not yet extinct and that it has for its abode that favored portion of South America which the Spaniards christened Patagonia. The truth is, that as regards height all that can be said of the Tehnelches is that they are on the average a tall race, varying in stature from, say five feet ten inches to six feet. Their muscular development and consequent strength, however, are decidedly abnormal, and in that sense, at all events, they cannot be denied to possess one of the most important attributes of giants."

The Tehnelche Indians are described as rather good-looking, having low, but receding foreheads, aquiline noses, large mouths, with white, regular teeth, and a bright, friendly expression. Whiskers and eyebrows are not considered ornamental.

"They have little hair on the face or body, and even that they eradicate as much as possible, including the eyebrows, an operation which must cause no little pain. Why they do this I do not know, except it may be that they consider it improves their appearance, in which case it seems that in its application to the 'poor Indian' the saying, '*Il faut s uffrir pour etre beau*,' loses none of its truth or point. In addition to this embellishment some tattoo their arms or chest, but it does not seem to be the general custom."

Of other characteristics of appearance and bearing we read:—

"Their eyes are small and deeply set; the prominence of the cheek-bones gives great breadth to their faces. The color of their skin seems to vary according to the individual's cleanliness, but, as far as I could ascertain, it is of a reddish brown, running in some cases more into a yellowish tinge. Their general carriage is extremely graceful and dignified, and their manners toward strangers and one another are polite and deferential, without a trace of servility; in fact, they have a certain well-bred air of restraint, which is quite impressive, and one never feels inclined to treat them with that familiarity which is bred of contempt or that convenient assumption of superiority which the white man is so apt to display toward 'niggers.' I do not wish to incur the charge of attempting to revive the exploded legend of the 'noble savage' in favor of the Tehnelche race, but I must say that in general intelligence, gentleness of temper, chastity of conduct and conscientious behavior in their social and domestic relations they are immeasurably superior not only to the other South American indigenous tribes, but also, all their disadvantages being taken into consideration, to the general run of civilized white men.

"The dress of the men consists of a chiripa, fastened at the waist by a belt, which is frequently richly embossed with silver. The capa, or mantle of guanaco furs, already described, complete their attire. When on horseback their feet are encased in botas de potro, but for reasons of economy they do not wear them at ordinary times. The women wear a long calico robe beneath the capa, which is fastened at the throat by a silver brooch or a simple wooden skewer, according to the circumstances of the individual. Potro boots are a luxury reserved for men. The children, on whom most of the silver ornaments of the family are lavished, wear a capa, like their elders, and on attaining the age of four or five are invested with the dignity of a chiripa."

(The "chiripa" is a covering for the lower limbs, something like a kilt.)

"When the women grow old they become repulsively ugly; but the young girls are by no means ill-favored, and the looks of even the plainest among them are invariably redeemed by the bright, smiling expression habitual to them. Their hair is worn in plaits, artificially lengthened by means of horse-hair; their complexion, when free from paint, is of a ruddy healthy color, and their eyes, which are shaded by long black lashes, are soft and clear.

"Without going so far as to assert that the *affaires de cœur* of the Tehnelche maidens are always strictly Platonic, I must say that, according to my own observations and the confirming statements of others, the relations between the sexes are uniformly characterized by a strong sense of decency and unimpeachable propriety. Polygamy is admitted on principle; but no man may marry more wives than he can afford to maintain, and there is, therefore, seldom more than one mistress to each household. Marriages *de convenance* are very rare, but, as a matter of form, the bride is purchased from her parents for a certain number of mares, or whatever objects her lover can afford to give. But as the dowry of the girl generally quite compensates for the expense her lover has incurred in obtaining her the transaction is considered rather as an exchange of presents than as a mere unsentimental bargain. Out of mere curiosity to learn the technical details of Tehnelche marriage settlements I once entered into negotiations with a rich old squaw for the purpose of contracting matrimony with her daughter, who was a charming girl of about fifteen. The price as finally agreed upon was eight mares, a bag of biscuits, and some sugar, which I was to procure from Sandy Point. The dowry of the daughter consisted in four new guanaco mantles. I held out for five, and on my remaining inflexible on this point the negotiations fell through.

"Husband and wife seem always to get on very well together; indeed, one of the pleasantest traits in the Tehnelche character is the affection with which relations regard one another. The love of the parents toward their offspring is almost morbid in its intensity. Their grief at the decease of an only child frequently manifests itself in the most exaggerated manner. It is not unusual in such cases for the parents to burn all their belongings, kill all their horses, and reduce themselves to a state of utter poverty—a touching proof of the sincerity and depth of their sorrow, if not of the soundness of their views on practical economy.

"Their indulgence toward their children is unlimited. I have never seen a child chided or remonstrated with, whatever mischievious pranks it may have been up to, and in all their internal arrangements the interest of the baby portion of the community seems to be the first which is consulted. For my part I must say I by no means shared in the feelings of the elders with regard to their youthful progeny; on the contrary, I always considered the latter as a most unmitigated nuisance. They are dirty and vicious, as mischievous as monkeys, and as thievish as magpies. One would think that, under such training, as they grew older their faults would increase; but just the contrary is the case, and by the time they attain their fifteenth or sixteenth year they abandon their brattish ways, and become 'respectable,' steady-going members of their community.

"The division of labor in a Tehnelche *menage* is perhaps not strictly equitable, for by far the greatest part of the day's work falls on the fair sex. The men go hunting when the larder is low, and occasionally, in a dawdling kind of a way, they mend their riding-gear, or make bolas, lassos, etc., but they have an insurmountable aversion to anything that looks like hard work. The squaws, on the other hand, are busy from morning till night. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and all the *onus* of housekeeping, breaking up the camp, arranging the tents—including, of course, the care of the children, the *cuisine*, and so forth—is delegated to them. When not otherwise employed they sew guanaco capas, or weave fillets, and their fingers at all kinds of work are as nimble as their tongues, with which latter they keep up an incessant chatter, which, however, does not prevent them from getting through an astonishing amount of work.

Of their religion little is to be said. They recognize a good spirit and a bad spirit (Gualichu;) but there is little sincerity or earnestness either in their reverence for the one, or in their fear of the other. According to the caprice of the moment either of these spirits is most cavalierly treated by them, and the respect they occasionally profess toward them gives way as often as not to indifference, contempt, or anger. The fact is, that with the Tehnelches the prime rule of life is to take everything as easily as possible, to the exclusion of all other considerations, and acting on the doctrine of the Epicureans, that it is a man's duty to endeavor to increase to the utmost his pleasures and diminish to the utmost his pains, they are careful not to admit any theories which might possibly disturb their peace of mind. Thus they are strongly averse to the idea of vesting in a supernatural agent the power of interfering in their affairs to any great extent, arguing that such power having once been vested it might on a contingency be used detrimentally to their own comfort and interests. On the other hand it could not escape them that very often a most convenient excuse for their peccadilloes was to be found in attributing them to the evil influence of some bad spirit. To avoid the dilemma occasioned by the above conflicting considerations they accordingly created the Gualichu, a most accommodating devil, who allows himself to be ignored or brought forward, as may best suit the momentary purpose of his clients. The good spirit, for obvious reasons, one hears very little about; the Tehnelche is quite willing to take the credit of his good actions on himself alone.

"The office of chief or *cacique* among them is not altogether a sinecure; but its authority is extremely limited, being exercised merely in such slight matters as the choice of the spot where the tribe is to camp, the route to be followed, and so forth. The Tehnelches are very jealous of their personal liberty; and complete individual equality is the recognized basis of their social and political system. Paraphrasing Wordsworth I may say in prose, "a rich man is a rich man to them, and he is nothing more." In other words the fact of one of their number possessing forty or fifty horses more than his fellows seems to be accepted by them as a simple fact, which excites neither respect for the possessor nor envy of his fortune. Nor would it for a moment occur to the owner of the forty or fifty horses to fancy himself in any way superior to his poorer brethren. The little credit which wealth, *per se*, commands, saves the Indians from a great many of the repugnant vices of white men, such as avarice, jealousy, servility, etc., and keeps up a healthy, independent feeling among them, which is pleasantly manifested in the politeness and kindliness of their personal intercourse.

"They have a peculiar custom, moreover, which is well calculated to preserve the existing state of things. When an Indian dies, however many horses he may possess, they are all killed, and his other belongings are scrupulously burned. Thus, no family can acquire such a preponderance of wealth as would enable it in time to obtain an ascendant influence over and curtail the liberties of the rest of the tribe. Whatever the defects of the system may be from the political economist's point of view, it seems to be very well adapted to the desires and circumstances of the Tehnelches; and as an instance of how socialistic tendencies may be practically modified to suit certain exceptional conditions of existence, it is perhaps not without some interest.

"If required to distinguish the Tehnelche by a single characteristic epithet, I should call him not the noble but the happy savage. Far from being saturnine and grave, he is as light-hearted as a child, all mirth and contentment, and wonderfully easily moved to laughter. Life is, indeed, a very pleasant matter for him. Without any exertion on his part being necessary, all his wants are supplied in abundance. He has no onerous daily drudgery to undergo; he has no enemies to fear; he is not driven from his hunting-grounds to starvation and death, like his North American cousins, by the ever-advancing white man. He is seldom visited by sickness, and his life is unusually prolonged. That he has absolutely no troubles I will not affirm, but if he has any he certainly takes them very lightly.

"To conclude these few remarks on the Tehnelche race, in reviewing their characteristics it is impossible not to award them a high rank in the list of uncivilized nationalities. To admit that they have many faults is, after all, merely saying that they are human, but these faults are redeemed by many unusual excellencies. They are good-natured, hospitable, and affectionate; their instincts are gentle; violence and ferocity are foreign to their nature, and though not invariably veracious nor strictly honest, if they think you trust them they will take care not to undeceive you. Their one great failing is their addiction to rum, to whose fatal agency the rapid decrease in their numbers and the consequent fast-approaching extinction of their race must be ascribed."

Proceeding southward from the Indian camp the party came to the river Gallegos, which, although in summer a shallow stream, was now swollen by the melting snows on the Cordilleras, to a broad and foaming torrent. To reach Sandy Point without fording this river was impossible. Three of the party turned back, but the author and one companion, after waiting many days in vain for the river to fall, their provisions and matches nearly exhausted, determined to make the perilous attempt. The account of their frightful perils in so doing, the subsequent loss of their horses, their desperate struggle in a half frozen and starved condition to accomplish the remainder of their journey on foot, is a narrative of most thrilling and exciting interest.

But even when once more safely within the bounds of civilization their dangers were not over. On the night of their arrival at Sandy Point a mutiny broke out among the soldiers and convicts, and the peaceful little settlement was soon the scene of drunken orgies and conflagration. The story of the author's escape, his efforts to save the wife and little children of the governor, and their flight into the woods to escape from the drunken mutineers, is told with much vividness and graphic power.

The book is written in a pleasing style. Mr. Beerbohm writes with a certain frankness and directness, and not only describes what he sees and hears with a fullness of detail that makes the picture complete and lifelike, but takes the reader into his confidence, as it were, and tells the effect upon his own thoughts and feelings of these strange scenes and adventures, thereby infusing an attractive element of personality. Altogether the volume is one of absorbing interest.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

Dr. Allibone, of Philadelphia, the eminent scholar and author of the "Critical Dictionary of English Literature," has entered upon his duties as a member of the staff of librarians of the Lenox Library, New York City. The library is the private property of Mr. Robert Lenox, and admission to its privileges is by card. The building has a frontage on Fifth avenue of 200 feet and the cost of buildings and land is estimated at $1,000,000. There are only 25,000 or 30,000 volumes in the library, but nearly all of them are rare.

At St. Quen cemetery, in France, a husband, after trimming his wife's grave, knelt down, arranged his hair and dress, took off his hat, made a sign of the cross and blew out his brains. He had been a widower since January.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will feel that you are better off than you fancied.

The Box Tree in Persia.

The box is a shrubby, ever green tree, which affords the valuable wood used by engravers, mathematical instrument makers and turners. In favorable localities it attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, but in rocky regions does not rise above three or four feet. The wood is very heavy, hard and durable, sinks in water, is very close-grained and susceptible of a high polish. Large quantities of this valuable wood are produced in Persia. During the year 1876, two thousand one hundred and seventy tons of boxwood were cut down in the province of Ghilan, numbering in all sixty thousand pieces. When it is considered that scarcly more than one piece can be got out of one tree, and that upwards of two hundred thousand trees were hewn down last year alone in Ghilan and Mazenderam, it will be seen that such cuttings must make quite a clearing in the forest.

From the district of Tenekabam, five thousand eight hundred tons of boxwood were exported during last year, one firm of proprietors having cut down nearly one hundred and seventy thousand trees to effect this object. Every piece of boxwood worth exporting must be at least nine inches in diameter and between four and five feet in length; it must be straight and free from cracks, the average weight of each piece being seventy pounds; one thousand pieces of such wood being worth, on the coast, from six to eight hundred dollars. Tenekabam boxwood is superior to that of Ghilan. It is prepared for industrial uses by steeping large blocks in water during twenty-four hours, after which it is boiled in water during a certain length of time, and then allowed to dry slowly, immersed in sand or ashes to exclude the air, and thus prevent too rapid drying.

A Boating Trip.

It is doubtful if the ordinary modes of travel educate a man's mind to any alarming extent. He treads the path trod by thousands; he goes generally because it is the thing to do; he sees the prescribed sights, and rarely has the courage to break away from the leading strings of the guide. If a man is young, and has a little more energy and vim than the ordinary, beautiful but frail society man, there are few better ways of seeing the country than as Bayard Taylor first saw Europe—on foot. But young men who travel generally have more cash than energy, and it is hard for a young man blighted by the shadow of a voluminous bank book to take much fun or much education out of travel. Two young Americans who seem to be an exception to the general rule, are now "doing" Europe in a sail boat, and when the strange fact is taken into consideration that large rivers invariably twist themselves round so as to pass the large cities; the young men see a great deal of both town and country life. They bought a large boat in London last winter. Crossed in it to Holland, pushed their way up the Rhine to Magenie, and there finding the canal leading to the Danube frozen, put their craft on a railway truck and had it carried to Regensburg. In March they resumed their voyage, descending the Danube to the Black Sea, and sailing from Varna to Constantinople. Their next course will be to Greece and the Archipelago. These young men will no doubt pick up information and experience that cannot be gained by the average tourist with an excursion ticket in his pocket.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry then across the lowland, that you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

"The cucumber does its best fighting," observes the Hartford *Times*, "after it is down." At best, however, it is a discreditable warfare. It is only an intestinal strife.

A surveying party is working on a proposed railroad line from Pierre to Deadwood, Dakota, which will be an extension of the Tracy Branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

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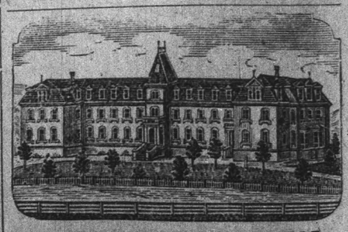
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UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. Fall term begins July 21. For Catalogue apply to JOHN GAMBLE, B. A., Principal.

Wit and Humor.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our hopes and delusions.

A "Pinafore" company has struck Manitoba, and the inhabitants are flying to the mountains.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.—Elmira Gazette.

A well-known M. C. recently began a speech with the assertion that "he could not keep silent without saying a few words."

Economy is the road to wealth, but all of us who can raise a nickel are going to have soda water just the same.—Detroit Press.

A citizen of Fleming, Ky., fired at a rat, struck a keg of powder, blew his house to pieces, and had to jump into the river to keep from burning up. The rat remains unhurt.

"What is one among so many?" is the pathetic title of a picture representing a solitary young man at a summer hotel. Well, he's a great deal more than he would be anywhere else.

"Oh, doctor, how I suffer!" "Come, come, madame! I don't believe there's anything serious the matter with you." "Oh, how you torment me! It would serve you just right if I were to die right under your nose!"

A bright little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

A lady stepped into a store in this place yesterday and asked the new clerk if he had any "rock candy?" "No, madam," he replied; "I haven't any rock handy, but here's a brick you're welcome to, if it will answer your purpose."—Whitehall Times.

He entered the grocery, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly like the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said: "No; we sell nothing here on the tick;" and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

There lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word "pathology" to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of road-making, to be sure."

That was neat, the remark of a young lawyer on Washington street, the other morning. A friend accosted him: "John, I wish you would change this twenty-dollar bill for me." The blushing but pleased attorney lifted his hat and rereplied: "My good boy, you flatter me—you flatter me."

The tramp's last dodge is to ask your advice about going to the next town, and when you warmly advise him to go, he says he has much confidence in your good judgement, and will emigrate further on at once. "But," he adds, "wouldn't you advise me to borrow ten cents before I start?"

"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I ask you to go out with me to any party or theater?" inquired Isabella. "My love," said William, "there would be no merit in going were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please, my dear."

ANALYSIS.—Lady—"Why did you leave your last place?" Cook—"Timpor, m'um." Lady—"Temper! But when I'm put out myself, I show that I'm annoyed." Cook—"Oh, I don't mind a m'rose timpor, m'um—a revengeful timpor I likes; but a timpor as goes a nagnag-naggin' mornin', noon and night, won't do for me."—Punch.

A bright little fellow of four, the son of a former pastor of a flourishing church, who attends the infant-class in Sunday-school, received last Sunday morning a card on which were the words: "Pray without ceasing." After his mother had explained the text he said, "I guess I won't show this to the minister; he prays long enough now."

This is the view taken of it by an infant of St. Joseph, Mo.:

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the maneuver.

"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but your hair ain't hitched to your head."—Harper's Magazine.

AN INDIANA MARRIAGE SERVICE.—The Marion (Ind.) *Democrat* says Kankakee has a Justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula:

"Have 'er?"
"Yes."
"Have 'im?"
"Yes."
"Married; $2."

A man who made it a business of writing obituaries, epitaphs, etc., used to solicit patronage far and near. Hearing of the death of a man in a distant part of the country, and business being a little dull, he made a journey there. Finding the widow of the deceased person he stated his occupation, and asked if she wouldn't like a few lines about her husband. "Lines about him!" she said, wofully; "he had all the lines he wanted. If he had had one line less, he would have been alive today." "What ailed him, madam?" "He was hung."

Some of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. An Oregon man recently took a seat behind one of them, when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" To the utter confusion he leisurely remarked, "You may fetch me a new set of teeth, in gutta percha; an improved sewing-machine, with patent lock-stitch; a box of Brandreth's pills; and a pair of number seven calf-skin French boots." In a moment the waiter replied, "We do not furnish those articles." "Then what have you got them down on the bill of fare for?" retorted the customer.

Sheirdan at Winchester.

The Confederates had it all their own way for a long time in the valley, and Grant was beginning to fear a mistake had been made in placing Sheridan there. The Southern army were massing about Winchester, evidently for another invasion of Maryland. Affairs had a discouraging outlook for the Federal army's marching and fighting had ended invariably in retreat.

A round moon, warm and golden, shone on the quaint old town of Winchester, Va., one evening in the middle of September, 1864. In the vine-covered porch of a house, whose broad, brooding roof enveloped it in somber shadow, sat a brown-haired, hazel-eyed, girl waiting for a visitor.

A man erect and soldierly, wearing a gray uniform, came up the walk. The moonlight reburnished the faded gold lace of his epaulets and sword knots with something of their pristine splendor as he advanced. They talked of the then all-absorbing topic, the war that was blazing its way through the lovely valley at their feet with the ashes of homesteads, the charred skeletons of mills and forges and foraged lands. The officer was a member of Gen. Early's staff, a Louisianian, fervid with hope and fierce with desire to drive the Union soldiers back. The girl was a Virginian of that simple faith which disbelieves in strife and bloodshed, and her name was Rebecca. It was another "Rebecca at the well," with this difference—that she drew out of the glib-tongued officer the number and position of Gen. Early's army, their intrenchments and batteries on the Oppequan, and what troops had been withdrawn. This was done in the most natural manner possible, for to know these things was interesting, and she had no idea of making history or becoming a heroine, for the two had only met a few evenings previous at a social gathering, when he had sought an introduction and the privilege of calling upon her. This was his first visit, and it proved his last. When the young aide de camp departed that Wednesday night, he had told so much that he had placed the fortune of his command in the keeping of Rebecca.

On the following Friday, while sitting on the same porch, she heard a bird call, low and tremulous, in the shrubbery of the lawn. She answered it by clapping her hands softly, when a man as black as the shadows she sat in, came up, and taking something out of his mouth, handed it to her and vanished into the night. Speeding up to her chamber, she found the gift to be a small roll of lead foil, such as is wrapped about various articles, among others, chewing tobacco. Carefully unrolling it, a small bit of soft paper was within, on which was written:

"Have you any definite information of the forces and position of Gen. Early? If so, transmit by bearer.

"SHERIDAN."

How strange is destiny? She alone of the few Union-loving souls in Winchester knew what the harassed cavalry commander desired. To put the information down and roll it into the same receptacle did not require many moments, when she again appeared upon the porch clapping her hands. The slave seemed to rise up out of the earth. He hastily placed the tiny packet in his mouth, and without word or gesture, disappeared.

Before daylight on the 19th of September, 1864, the Confederate pickets were charged on the Oppequan, and Sheridan moved like an avalanche upon Winchester. A terrible contest followed, the two armies advancing and retreating like the surging billows of the ocean. The battle never ceased until sundown, leaving Sheridan the victor of the battle of the Oppequan. A series of disasters pursued Early, and on the 19th of October—a month later—was fought the memorable battle of Winchester, which brought peace to the Valley of the Shenandoah. I talked with the gentle Quaker lady yesterday. She said she was unconscious of doing anything of moment at the time. She had known Gen, Crook. of Gen. Sheridan's staff, and during the brief occupancy of Winchester by the Union troops, had said to him: If he ever saw a way that she could serve the Union cause, to command her; and he had mentioned her name to Gen. Sheridan She showed me an elegant watch, a souvenir of the event, a gift from Gen, Sheridan. On the inside is engraved:

Presented to
REBECCA L. WRIGHT,
Winchester, Va., by Gen. P. H. Sheridan.
A memento of September 19, 1864.

The charm-holder is an ingenious arrangement of a horse-shoe, gauntlet and spur. The charms are a tiny cavalry sword, field-glass, orderly cap and other military objects in miniature. The fate of the young staff officer is unknown to her.—*Cor. Detroit Free Presi.*

There is one phase of the crime of murder that is never punished. The criminal in the commission of his crime puts himself beyond the pale of earthly law. This criminal that always escapes justice is the suicide. The law once attempted to indirectly punish the deed by the confiscation of the suicide's property, but as this punished only the innocent heirs it was abandoned. So, also, was the barbarous attempt at post mortem vengeance by driving a stake through the body of the suicide and burying him at the cross roads. Now, although the crime is still murder, there is no attempt at punishing the criminal, who is beyond human penalties. Yet the accomplice of a suicide occupies the same position as the accomplice of a murderer. This question comes up in Philadelphia: Who gave Parr the strychnine that so tragically ended his life in court? Some one must have given it to him and that person knew the use to which it would be applied. He is, therefore, the accomplice of a murderer; and, if caught, must be punished accordingly.—*Free Press.*

All the railroads running from New York to Coney Island, N. Y., do a brisk business on warm Sabbaths. That is the day when the beach is crowded, when the gayety of the seashore is at its height, and when the "workingman" and his family enjoy the "beneficent rest of the one day in seven."—*Eastern Paper.*

Intelligence Items.

The English and Austrian courts go into mourning for the Prince Napoleon.

Botany, zoology and physiology, hygiene, astronomy, physical geography and natural philosophy are taught orally in the St. Louis schools.

A number of humane ladies and gentlemen of Pittsburg have undertaken the work of providing free excursions to the country for the children of the poor of Pittsburg.

The French Government is developing the carrier pigeon service in earnest, for in Paris and twelve other fortified towns, no fewer than 6,000 birds are now fed at the public expense.

The French newspapers uniformly express regret at the sad end of the Prince Louis. It is regarded as effectually extinguishing whatever fainhope the Bonapartists may have entertained of the restoration of the Empire.

Queen Victoria has just instituted a new Order. It is to be bestowed upon those trained female nurses who, by their skill and conduct, deserve high recognition, and they will be called, from the Order, "St. Katharine's Nurses."

A Philadelphia man who attempted to start a mail service rivalling that of the United States, has been arrested, Uncle Sam claiming a monopoly of that kind of business. If exacted, the offender will have to pay heavy fines for his enterprise.

For the year ending with March, 1879, the Church Missionary Society of England secured the enormous sum of $237,930 from the children alone, by means of little collecting books, cards and boxes, that it sends out to be used in gathering money for this purpose.

A guest at the Christmas dinner of the United States Consul in Bangkok, Siam, states that the edibles were almost entirely canned food from America, including turkey, chicken, corned beef, salmon, lobsters, mackerel, clams, potatoes and other vegetables, fruits and pumpkin.

The toilet of the Town of Paris costs more than that of any other city in the world, but, on the other hand, there is no waste. The blossoms of the orange trees in the different public gardens, and the grass around the water reservoirs and on other communal property, are all sold.

Great Britain has a coast line of 9,392 nautical miles, and has fifty-eight lightships and 456 light-houses, for whose maintenance tolls are levied on the shipping. The United States has 6,500 miles of coast line on the Atlantic and Pacific, and 3,000 miles on the great lakes. Last year there was provided 655 lights. There are in the United States 5,500 miles of river navigation, and on this there are 508 lights and 3,000 buoys. The cost of keeping up this is $2,500,000 a year, and is paid by the whole people, instead of by the shipping interests alone as in England.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Recreation in Work.

The utility of alternating different kinds of work as a means of relaxation is becoming better appreciated than formerly. Recently the question was asked a Burlington manufacturer of a certain article why it would not be more profitable to have separate groups of workmen for the different processes requisite to carry the article through all the stages of its production. "Because," said he, "the work is laborious and exhausting, but by changing several times during the day from one process to another the men are rested and can work to better advantage." This apparently conflicts somewhat with the popular American practice of specialty work for each workmen, as in the watch factories, machine shops, cotton mills, and, indeed, nearly all branches of manufacture. But the conflict is not as real as might at first thought be supposed. Even the specialist can have, and needs, a change of work just as the scholar or the professional man needs a change of position for bodily comfort. The muscles need not absolute rest so much as a variation of energy. "Why do you not," said one Burlington lady to another the other day, "cut out and baste a large lot of work and then sit down at your sewing machine and rush it through, and thus gain time?" "Because," was the reply, "my machine tires me. The change from one kind of work to another is a great relief, and thus, taking the whole day, I have strength to accomplish more than if I followed the more systematic, but less restful, plan you propose."

The philosophy in both of the above instances, and in nearly every phase of human labor, is in consonance with physiological principles, and has had another and more conspicuous illustration in the recent international walking contest at London. Weston's feat was a genuine surprise. It is a rule or privilege of pedestrian contests, as now generally conducted, that the contestants, where time is an element, may either walk or run. These are called go-as-you-please matches. While it would be impossible to win the race by running, there is nevertheless a decided advantage in alternating running with walking, and knowing this fact, Weston alternated a heel-and-toe stride with a trot, and in this way distanced his British competitor.

The lesson to be drawn from these facts and illustrations is the physiological benefit of a change of position or of work or whatever may occupy the thought and muscular effort. If, as Americans, we "have too few holidays," as has been charged, or take too few recreations, a partial solution of the problem may be found in the direction we have indicated. Avoid the wear of a constant, changeless strain in mind or body. If you cannot find time for other recreations, you can at least ease up the wear and tear of the system by alternating the kind of work.—*Hawk-Eye.*

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physics, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to obtain by the help of the artist.

Marrying as a Fine Art.

Every once in a little while, people who want to get married rack their brains, so much, or rather so little of them as they possess, for some manner of marriage out of the ordinary line. They don't want to be married like common people. They will not be married as everybody is married. Sometimes the two harmless idiots get into a boat, and row into the lake or river, and the ceremony is performed to the soft, romantic accompaniment of the lapping of the waves, the rocking of the boat, the blistering rays of the sun, reflecting, from the water and the smell of the fish that have been trying to live out on shore for three weeks, and haven't succeeded yet, and are apparently farther away from success than ever. Sometimes, in weddings of this romantic nature, the clergyman, when he stands up to perform the ceremony, falls overboard and the scene of the wedding is thus more indelibly imprinted on the memories of the bridal party. In very rare instances, when the weather was unpropitious, the bride has been known to get sea-sick. This is also a very pleasant wedding concomitant, but when two young people have solemnly and deliberately made up their minds to make fools of themselves, they do not think of these dreadful possibilities. Or, as they are on the lookout for something unusual, perhaps these things just suit them. But there is such a thing as being suited too well.

Sometimes, the lunacy takes the form of a balloon wedding. The parties wait until a circus comes along, and for the glory of mankind it is to be said that this manner of people always do go to the circus; they would go the circus as their bridal tour, rather than not go at all; well, they wait until a circus with a balloon comes along, and the meaner the circus the more certain it is to have a balloon, and then the two principal idiots, accompanied by a clergyman—and we grieve to say that in almost every instance of this kind a clergyman has been found who knows little enough to join this kind of a mob—and the rest of the bridal party, and sometimes a reporter, for at rare intervals a reporter has been discovered who hadn't sense enough to keep out of such a free exhibition of sublime silliness; and then the balloon is let up to the length of the rope, and there, dangling between heaven and earth, the clergyman performs a ceremony that is a blessing to mankind, for the balloon that carries up two idiots, brings down but one. No bridal party has ever fallen out of a balloon yet, but it is to be hoped that some day the rope will break, and the balloon will sail off with the whole crowd, and empty them into the hot springs, just when they are boiling their boiling art.

The commonest and perhaps the mildest form of this lunacy, is when the patients are married by telegraph. The female patient in one office, the male incurable in another, a hundred miles or more away. Then the questions and responses and pledges are ticked back and forth, and they are married. Not half so prettily and sensibly as they could be in a cosy little parlor or handsome church, but it was a little out of the ordinary method. This is the shabbiest marriage of all. In the other cases, if the bride stands a chance of falling out of the boat, or sailing away in a balloon, her lover takes the same chances. But this telegraphic business is a cowardly, skulking sort of an affair. If the young man hasn't the manhood and courage to stand up and look into the girl's eyes and hold her hand while he makes her his wife, he has no right to have a wife. How inexpressibly mean and lonesome and foolish a man must feel at the conclusion of such a ridiculous ceremony. He is married, and he doesn't know where his wife is, or what she is doing, or where she is going. He has a pretty well-defined idea that everything that wears a beard is kissing her, except himself. He is just about as much married as the young operator who sent the messages. He must look like a fool. Certainly he feels like one. And she? Poor girl, she doesn't know how her husband joked nor what kind of stories he told, while the ceremony was going on. She doesn't know that the whole crowd, at his end of the line, doesn't walk right into the nearest beer saloon, the minute the "amen" is ticked off, to congratulate him and herself. She doesn't know how roaring drunk he may get that night. She doesn't know beyond a doubt, who she has married, if indeed she is married at all. He may go back on those dispatches sent in his name, and say that Peltan and Marble sent them, and that he didn't know anything about it. Of all the weak-minded matrimonial novelties, the telegraphic system is a little the silliest.—*Hawk-Eye.*

CAFFRE DANCES.—The usual signs of festivity in a Caffre kraal is the slaughter of several sheep, which, when the members of the tribe and their friends are collected together, are cooked in their large iron pot, and eaten with great relish and appetite. The women sit apart from the men and elder boys, and cook separately, and all await, silent and dignified, the commencement of the first course, when for a couple of hours it is a continuous eating and cooking. Having consumed a few pounds each, a party of men advance on a small slightly raised circle of the ground. Holding the assegai in the right hand, blanket or sheepskin carosse thrown over the left, they commence going round in a circle, chanting and marking time, the emphasis on the right foot. They strain all the muscles of the body in so doing, and contort the features of the face as they shake their assegais. At times one will leap into the center of the circle, shooting and going through warlike motions; then, retiring to his former place, the whole party resumes the monotonous circular motion. When they are tired, a fresh lot takes their places, and so on. The women have their dance apart, and he girls also, apart from the married women, at the same time.

When the purse is empty and the kitchen cold, then is the voice of flattery no longer heard.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....JULY 26, 1879

Continued from first page.

church officers are J. C. Welch, B. C. Lawson, Jesse Clark, I. N. Hodgen, Daniel Hubbard, Elders, and W. H. Welch, U. Shellhammer, Henry Fern and J. I. Eaton, Deacons. There is at present a Sabbath school with seventy-five scholars over whom presides as Superintendent, Clay Edwards.

CHURCH OF CHRIST AT WINTERS.

The first minister of any denomination to preach in the village of Winters was Rev. S. B. Dunton who delivered a sermon in the Mansfield Hall in that place in August 1875. At that time the M. E. Church South and the Cumberland Presbyterians were holding services at the Wolfkskill school house on the south side of Putah Creek and soon after this commenced holding their meetings at Winters. In the Fall of 1876 a church organization was perfected under the name of "The First Christian Church" with S. B. Dunton, Benjamen Ely and C. H. Wolfe for Elders, and H. M. Hord, John Briggs, John Devilbiss and E. G. Brey for Deacons. The same parties are the present church officers and Rev. S. B. Dunton has been their minister until the present time. In the Fall of 1877 a church building was erected in Winters by the order at a cost of $2,700. It is a fine building for a town of the size of Winters and is a credit both to the projectors and village. It is 30 feet by 60 and of a mixed style of architecture known as both Italian and Doric. It is situated on Main street in the western part of the town. There are 65 church members at present, and a Sabbath school with from thirty to fifty scholars with C. H. Wolfe for Superintendent.

There are churches of this denomination at Madison and Knight's Landing that have sent us no report.

Two newsboys were standing in front of a Houston cigar store, when one of them asked the other:

"Have you got three cents?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got two cents; give me your three cents, and I'll buy a five-cent Havana cigar'"

"All right," says No. 2, handing out the money.

He enters the cigar store, procures the cigar (on credit possibly), lights it, and puffs with a great deal of satisfaction.

"Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2; "I furnished more than half the money."

"I know it," says the smoker, "but then I'm president and you are only a stockholder; you can spit."—*Galveston News.*

SAFE PREACHING.—As he was ascending the pulpit steps one of the elders button-holed him to whisper an additional caution: "The liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift sometimes- I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whisky business or the temperance question." The young minister getting frightened to see the moral ground so steadily narrowing before him, inquired: "Whom or what shall I preach against, then?" The elder's reply came like an air of triumph: "Preach against the Mormons; they haven't a friend in town.—*Steubenville Gazette.*

The Reformer and the Small Boy.

This morning while Mayor Cooper, the great reformer of the Nineteenth century, was sitting on his stoop reading a newspaper, a small boy stepped up and said:

"Yer ain't goin' ter let us have any powder ter day, are you, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the Mayor, looking up from his paper.

"Well. I've got powder in spite of you. I just bought it down the street."

"Where, where?" shouted his Honor, with an expression of countenance which seemed to indicate that he would like to seize that store and present it to one of Mr. Tilden's satellites. "I'll give you ten cents if you'll tell me where you bought that powder."

"Give me the ten first," replied the boy in a tone which showed that he knew his man.

His honor handed out the money.

Then the boy mentioned the store at which he made the purchase.

"Why that's a drug store!" yelled Mr. Cooper in surprise.

"I know it is," replied the boy, as he jumped out of the way, "and it's just the place where I bought a seidlitz powder just now."

The Mayor resumed his paper.—*N. Y. Star.*

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The above goods will be sold for the next 60 DAYS at 25 per cent. less than they can be bought in any other place in this county.

DRESS GOODS, worth 30 and 35 cts.,			15 Cts.
"	"	50 "	25 "
"	"	75 "	40 "
"	"	1 00 "	62½ "
MEN'S SUITS, worth $20,			$12.50
"	" $25,		15,00

Call in before purchasing elsewhere,

Haas & Kauffman.

Winters.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

ST PLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

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Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

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